

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

MAY, 1849.

VIEW FROM BATTLE HILL.

BATTLE HILL is on Long Island, near the city of Brooklyn, overlooking, as the reader perceives, not only the Cemetery of Greenwood, but the bay of New York, a portion of New York itself, and the distant hills of the Jersey shore.

The name of this consecrated spot is derived from the battle of the 24th of August, 1776, between the British and American forces. A small body of the American troops was stationed precisely on the present site of the cemetery, where the reader may see the monuments of the dead; but the main body of our army was posted farther back. The British landed from the water, and attacked the Americans in front, while another army from the country, tories and red-coats together, waged war upon them in the rear. Overpowered by numbers, besides being betrayed by those citizens who should have been their friends, the patriot troops were compelled, after a bloody engagement, to yield. They endeavored to retreat to the country, but were met and overcome. It was a terrible and irretrievable defeat. It spread dismay throughout our wide-spread land. Washington, who was then near at hand, spent two days and two nights on horseback, making almost superhuman exertions to save the scattered remnants of his forces; but no possible efforts could redeem the disaster which had fallen upon his country's cause. New York was immediately evacuated; the American army, ill-fed and barefooted, made their way over the heights and plains of Jersey; and the victors, flushed with their success, took possession of the city, of the river, and of all the country lying upon its two banks.

But this picture has associations with the present as well as with the past. The place here presented has been chosen as the site of one of the most beautiful and lovely cemeteries in the United States. There lie the dead. They of modern times repose in quiet with the remains of those, who, in an earlier day, spilled their blood to defend the spot where so many sleep.

Battle Hill is the place selected by most travelers, who have the time for it, from which to take a view of the great city, of the bay, of Brooklyn, and of all that reach of country so beautifully laid out by the hand of Nature on the Jersey coast.

It is a wonder, that a spot so historical of other days, of the patriotism of our fathers, and so contiguous to the great metropolis of wealth and energy in our country, has not long ago been honored with a monument, like that of Bunker Hill, to tell to coming generations the noble deeds there done. A recent writer has well remarked: "It seems strange that the events of that occasion, and the localities of those events, have commanded so little attention. In general, our countrymen have shown any thing but indifference to the spots which were hallowed by the struggles and blood of their fathers. There was scarcely a petty skirmish in New England, which has not had its historian. Every rood of ground trod by hostile feet, has been traced and identified. Upon anniversary returns, thousands have assembled to collect the scattered bones of the glorious dead—to hear their eulogy from eloquent lips—and to rear some enduring monument, that shall transmit their names and deeds. What battle, since that of Marathon, has ever concentrated upon one small spot of earth, an interest like that which, for seventy years, has clung round Bunker Hill? How have the historian and the novelist, the painter and the architect, the poet and the orator, conspired to enhance its glory! How many millions have visited the spot, to see with their own eyes that 'sepulchre of the mighty dead,' and to press with their own feet, the sod which was wet with Warren's gore!"

"In contrast with all this, what story of neglect is that of the battle-ground in Brooklyn! How few of the vast population in its vicinity, know or care aught about it! How very few could even designate the fields where Sullivan and Prescott, until overpowered by an enemy in their rear, fought, with their raw levies, the veterans of Europe, not less bravely than did Prescott at Charlestown, or Stark at Bennington!"

"Important differences, it is true, distinguish the cases. The engagement at Brooklyn, like that of Bunker Hill, was a defeat—but not, like that, more glorious than most victories. Instead of inspiring the defenders of freedom, its consequences were depressing and disastrous; and the day was long thought of, as one of mistakes, if not of disgrace."

WOMAN.
HER POSITION IN AMERICA.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

An eminent geographer remarks that the best indication of the progress of civilization in different nations is the condition of woman therein. In the barbaric communities of the east, she is regarded as an inferior being, and her home is a prison. Mohammedanism denies her the hope of heaven. Among the dissolute communities of southern Europe, her intellectual and moral position is of no importance—she is beloved chiefly as an object of gayety and gallantry. As we ascend into the severer society of northern Europe, she becomes, among the lower classes, a useful animal of labor—a drudge, working with cattle in the fields—but among the higher classes a companion, yet an inferior one. Under the more Christian institutions of England, she occupies nearly her befitting place, especially in the middle and higher grades of life. In America her position is acknowledged to be still more exalted; and, if the geographer's criterion is true, we have reason to flatter ourselves that our civilization—though little embellished, and severely practical, as it necessarily must be under our national circumstances—is essentially more humane and more Christian than that of any other people.

It is indeed an interesting, and somewhat anomalous fact, that, amidst our devotion to mammon and politics, there should exist among us so much delicacy of sentiment toward the sex. The fact is acknowledged almost unanimously by those foreign visitors who find little else in us to commend. In no land has woman a more effectual influence, though it is exerted chiefly within the quiet sphere of domestic life. In no land can ladies travel with greater security; among no other people are they more attentively accommodated in public conveyances and hotels, and among none other is their presence a more effectual check on the conduct of promiscuous companies. It is a significant fact that the English custom, which requires ladies to retire from the table at the "removal of the cloth," has never obtained on this side of the Atlantic, and that few, if any, occasions of social festivity are considered compatible with the honor of well-bred gentlemen, if incompatible with the presence of women. An Englishman, in lecturing before his countrymen on the United States, lately, declared, amidst the plaudits of his audience, that if Prince Albert were traveling among us, and should occupy the best seat of the stage-coach, he would be compelled, by the universal respect for the sex, to resign it to any farmer's daughter who might enter the carriage. The lecturer was unquestionably correct in respect to most of the country.

This elevated social position of woman among us has, doubtless, contributed much to the extraordinary development of female intellect in our native

literature—extraordinary in ability, but especially in the promptness with which it has so early taken its place in our literary history. It has not found encouragement to attempt the higher efforts of genius, like Mesdames Dacier and de Staël, in France, or Mrs. Somerville and Joanna Baillie, in England. Such examples are rare in the most matured communities; but our country-women present, in their less pretending contributions to the national literature, points of very honorable comparison with the best literary women of England and France. They are more numerous than our writers of the hardier sex, and many of them display rare talents, that need but more exclusive devotion to literature to give them a permanent influence on the public mind. The productions of nearly all our native writers are yet only the occupations, or rather recreations of their leisure hours. Until they can be induced to isolate themselves more from the ordinary distractions and sordid aims of the national mind, the higher developments of genius will be rare among either sex. Our literary women have thus far shown, we think, more susceptible and versatile genius than our male writers, while their opportunities of self-culture, and studious application, have unquestionably been fewer than those of their literary brothers.

The *moral position* of woman in the United States is, undeniably, superior to what it is in any other nation. Female vice does exist among us, but it is less common than in any European community: it prevails almost exclusively among our denser populations, and is chiefly the result there of poverty and mis-education; but that fashionable and decorated vice, which exists among the more pretending classes in all European communities, has not yet dared to obtrude itself among the American people, however frequently instances of it may be detected under the deep concealments in which it is here compelled to shroud itself. Still, it cannot be disguised that the almost universal aping of European fashion and gayety among us, and, above all, the imported literature and scenic drama, which have of late years overspread the land, threaten to break down the hallowed barriers that have circled the domestic purity of American life, and to assimilate us to the gilded dissipation of transatlantic society. The women of America should not allow this conspiracy against their best interests and highest honor to succeed. From them should go forth a remonstrance, the most emphatic, against those abominations of the theatre and the opera, the half nude exposures of the ball-room, and the shameless corruption of the novel, with which the moral sentiment of the nation is menaced.

The *religious influence* of the sex in this country is one of their most ennobling characteristics. There is scarcely an interest of our Churches that does not show their salutary agency. They form, doubtless, a large majority of our communicants; their piety is generally more uniform and elevated than that of the other sex; and though the great

practical schemes of Christianity among us are ostensibly managed by their husbands and brothers, yet to their elevated zeal and generous sympathies are to be traced chiefly the life and vigor of those schemes. Few things could be more ridiculous than the attempts of flippant, shallow-brained satirists to ridicule this noble religious activity of American women. What do they not owe to religion? What is there in its benign virtues and ineffable destinies that should render it unfitting to the holiest sympathies of woman's nature? If it is matter of ridicule that women fill the temples of religion, what is implied in the contrasted fact that men fill our gambling-saloons, grogeries, and prisons, and that the sex so much interested in religion are so comparatively seldom found with them there? It is congruous that those who come the nearest to our idea of the angelic nature, on earth, should sympathize most with those holy interests which engage angelic sympathies in heaven.

Much has been written about the *physical condition* of woman in this country. Foreigners accord to the American ladies a peculiar style of beauty, an exquisite delicacy of structure and feature; but they pronounce it fragile, and short-lived. We had often read this opinion, but, not having had the opportunity of a fair comparison, could not fully appreciate it till we returned from a tour in Europe. As we passed up Broadway, on our arrival home, we were startled at the sickly hue of the New York ladies. We looked almost in vain for an example of the vigorous forms and healthy-tinged faces we had been accustomed to meet in the streets of Europe. There was more sentiment, more refinement, expressed in the features and bearing of our country-women, but they looked to us, as they thronged the fashionable promenade, like a procession of invalids from the city hospitals, who had turned out to enjoy a bland day. Every American who has returned from a visit to Europe will understand what we here say. Girlhood is, in this country, lovely beyond comparison; but by the time that European women are in the rich ripeness of health and beauty, ours fade and sink into a decrepitude which not unusually extends through one-half their lives, afflicting it with wretched debility and nervous ailments.

Why is this? We believe the primary cause of it is the peculiarity of our *climate*. Climate does not depend wholly on latitude, but, to a considerable extent, on local and topographical circumstances—the relative position of coasts, mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, and the cultivation of the soil, and even on geological conditions. Our national *physique* has certainly a peculiar and distinctly marked type. Few foreigners retain among us, through twenty years, their original appearance; and their children almost invariably take the native physical character. We are a lean, pallid, restless, nervous people, with lank limbs, sharp features, and intense eyes. Our nerves are too active; and, notwithstanding the means of comfortable living are more

common among us than with any other people, yet we have a larger proportion of maniacs than any other.

The *anxiety* of the American physiognomy is a subject of general remark among foreigners. Moral causes, doubtless, have much to do with the fact, but climate, we think, has some connection with it also, and much more than is generally supposed. We believe it has an especial connection with the physical condition of American women. But let us not hold our climate, however inclement, responsible alone for our sufferings. Our great fault is, that *we do not adapt ourselves to it*; and we hesitate not to say that American women have incurred more of the guilt of self-murder than is recorded in the book of Heaven against any other community on earth. We mean literally what we say. Millions of them have gone down prematurely to the grave, self-sacrificed. Our climate demands peculiar (native) adaptations of dress, etc.; but if our women will wear French shoes and French "modes," or even English, they must pay the cost of them, not only at the expense of the purses of their husbands, but of their own attractions, health, and days. We flatter our national self-complacency for the invention of the steamboat and magnetic telegraph: there is one more improvement to be made among us, which can hardly be less intrinsically valuable—a graceful and healthful national costume for American women, which shall protect their beauty by protecting their health, and, at the same time, cast out from the land, and keep for ever out of it, the expensive frivolities and abominations of foreign fashions—fashions contrived by Parisian mantuamakers and milliners, whose taste is about as wretched as their morals.*

American ladies neglect out-door exercise more than the women of any other people on the earth—we will not except the Icelanders even. The changeableness of our climate, instead of being a reason for this negligence, is precisely the strongest reason for a contrary course. If we would have health in such a climate, we must habituate ourselves to its vicissitudes, not avoid them. The latter course benefits the hopeless invalid alone. In most of our large cities there are public squares or beautiful commons; but how little are they resorted to by our women and youth! In the cities of Europe such places are thronged on pleasant afternoons by mothers and their children—the wrinkled brow of care is relaxed in the refreshing zephyrs, the eye gains lustre from the bright skies, the limbs agility by exercise, the spirits buoyancy from the balmy air and playful recreations. The bland effect reaches even the moral feelings; better tempers,

* The accomplished editress of "The Lady's Book," Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, proposed a national costume some years since. The suggestion is worth repeating, though almost hopeless. Two conditions might secure it partial success, at least: first, that it be unquestionably appropriate and tasteful; second, that a considerable number should courageously adopt it at once. Both these conditions might be secured.

more cordial affections, spring up in the heart, and home becomes refreshed by a return to it from such healthful relaxations. Let it not be urged that our ladies are too busy with household cares for such delightful leisure. We know it is a truth; but it is a most lamentable, a most intolerable, a most abominable truth. It is creditable to their industry, but as discreditable to their good sense; for what economy can there be in paying the doctor, apothecary, and nurse, instead of paying household servants? Or, if the latter be not practicable, still, all domestic labor could better be performed with such occasional relaxation than without it. We know the exceeding difficulty of arguing this point, but must be permitted to assume, absolutely, and despite all reply, that the leisure for out-door recreations is *indispensable*, and, *therefore, not to be waved*, any practical logic to the contrary notwithstanding. Let our families turn out, then, more frequently into the public gardens, or the woodland walks; let them gladden their eyes with the charms of the landscape, and the glories of God's blessed heavens; let them "rejoice, and be exceeding glad," amidst the exhilarating inspirations of the bright, benign air, and we, their husbands, shall be the happier men for it, our homes shall be healthier and more cheerful, and our expenses, in "the long run," none the more, if not less, than they are on the present miserable economy, by which our houses are made hospitals, and our dearest ones invalids.

There are three dispositions which we hope will ever and increasingly distinguish American women. The first is a devout interest for the religion of the land—the Protestant faith, for that we choose to consider the acknowledged, though not the "established" religion of our country—the religion of its history and of its destiny. Protestantism has had a freer and fuller development on this continent than anywhere else; and that pre-eminent civilization, which we claim as our own, and the benignest feature of which is the elevation of woman, is dependent upon it. Paganism brutalizes woman; infidelity prostitutes her to the lowest demoralization; Popery converts her, religiously, into a bigot, or, socially, into an idol of gallantry, or a victim of drudgery, according to her high or low position in life. Protestantism, alone, has defined her true position, as an equal and companion of man, a child of God, and an heir of immortality. Let her, then, prize religion, and promote its influence in the land, as the best guaranty of her rights and happiness.

Another trait should characterize American women—a hearty national sentiment—a warm pride and love of their country. We are accused, as a nation, of an excessive self-content, if not self-admiration. Happy charge! may it long be applicable to us! "It stands to reason," as Jonathan says; and we have begun, continued, and shall conclude this paper in the full spirit of the fault. We would not encourage the self-complacent portion of our Fourth of July oratory; there has been

enough of that, unquestionably; but it is an assertion which no sober man will gainsay, that the American people ought to be the most devoutly grateful, and the most stoutly patriotic, on the earth. What land has received greater blessings? What land has more magnificent hopes? This pride of country is an ennobling sentiment, and the women of America have good reason to cherish it ardently; for here their sex has not only found its best condition yet recorded in the history of the world, but also its best hopes of the future. It is to be regretted that in those matters of social life—of manners and modes—which, though small in themselves, have a great influence as "minor morals"—our ladies defer so much to foreign examples. Politics keep up strongly the nationality of the sentiments of the other sex among us; but our women are in danger of losing the stanch old American spirit of their mothers. Let them be too independent and self-respectful for such obsequiousness to foreign influence. Let them disdain to ape the hollow, aristocratic ostentations of transatlantic life, but endeavor to form native, pure, and simply elegant forms of social intercourse—such as befit the sincerity and dignity of our republican character.

We hope, in the third place, that American women will continue to appreciate justly the sphere of their sex. There are, doubtless, ameliorations of the laws yet to be made in their behalf; but any essential revolution of their relations to society, will, we trust, ever be opposed by them, as a detraction from the dignity of their character and the purity of their influence. We hope there are but few of them who deem a participation in the tumults of the political canvass, or the legislative hall, a desirable substitute for the tranquil and powerful influences of domestic life. There are termagants who might make a figure amidst the storms of the public arena; but every delicate sentiment of womanhood must revolt at the idea. Genius, letters, and most of the better virtues, flee from such scenes to the calmer and more congenial walks of life. They seek and find their perfection in solitude, or in the sincerity of unostentatious duties. And the efforts of a life thus secluded and sacred are not only the most successful for self-culture, but in actual usefulness to others. The great thoughts of a meditative man, the song of the true poet, sent forth over the land from the quiet of his studious retreat, tell more powerfully on the sentiments of a people than the utmost clamors of demagogues. Whittier's glorious shouts to liberty, from his retreat at Amesbury, will reverberate over the grave of John C. Calhoun when that grave shall be forgotten; and the calm, but mighty thoughts uttered to his guilty country by Channing, from the solitudes of Rhode Island, will palpitiate in the national heart when Webster's eloquence shall cease to be read. Woman's sphere, though retired and quiet, has a similar power; her husband and her children may act on the open arena of life, but

they act under her guidance, and according to the impulses of her tranquil, but effective power. How preposterous, when compared with this influence, are the innovations proposed by the modern conventions in behalf of "woman's rights!"

MY NATIVE STREAM.

BY MISS S. H. R.

BRIGHT stream, thy waves have brought
Soft music to my ear, and taught
My heart thy tones of love.
How oft I've wandered by thy stream,
And thought my life's bright future dream
Would like thee gently move!

And sweet my childhood passed away,
When by thy side in mirth I'd stray,
And cull thy lilies fair,
Or lay me down beneath the shade,
Which o'er thy margin tall trees made,
And weave bright visions there.

In after years, my spirit free
Has found communion with thee,
And thought thy tones divine;
For with them my full soul has brought
Sweet voices of poetic thought,
And mingled them with thine.

But ah! since then, long years have flown,
And I have come in grief alone
To trace thy windings o'er,
Bright stream; and is thy murmuring flow
The same—as soft and gentle now
As in the days of yore?

Has not sad change its shadows cast,
Or time, with its dark years, at last
Taught thee some notes of woe?
Thou art not changed; the blight of years
Hath never dimm'd with earth's dark cares
The brightness of thy flow.

But what am I? for time has wrought
Deep shadows o'er my brow, and taught
My heart its sorrows too;
For I have sought the fairest flowers
Of pleasure; but its faded hours
Were all, alas! I knew.

The kindred hearts I've cherished here,
O, why should the unbidden tear,
At thought of them be shed!
They faded as the early flowers
That bloom in sweet affection's bower,
And mingled with the dead.

Here let me trace life's beaten track,
And call my childhood's visions back;
Then lay me down and die.
Here let me sleep the sleep of death;
Here let the violet's gentle breath
Waft o'er my grave a sigh.

Here let my spirit wing its way
To that bright stream, whose gentle lay
Is sweeter far than thine;
Where sorrow's breath, and care, and woe,
Can never blight this peaceful brow,
But all is joy divine.

TO OTWAY CURRY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

WHEN o'er my faded path was thrown
The golden light of summer days,
Ere yet life's phantom hopes were flown,
I heard thy minstrel lays:

Strains wild, but sweet, that seemed to float
From some far-off, unearthly sphere,
Whence spirit-sighs, with every note,
Came blent upon the ear.

Years, cold and darkening years, rolled by;
And mid a worn heart's weary strife,
I lost that gentle minstrelsy,
In the harsh jar of life.

I know not if thy lyre were hushed—
I only know *my ear* was chill:
Haply its chords for others gushed
With trembling music still.

But years o'er *thee* have also past;
Years still with life's swift changes fraught—
Have they no passing shadows cast,
Even on thy gifted thought?

It needs not from a *human* heart
Rudely to rend the veil, to know,
Whate'er its wealth, it yet hath part
In life's deep cup of woe.

And thou—hath not thy own high dower
Song's prophet-mantle o'er thee thrown—
Doomed thee to feel, with quickened power,
Earth's every jarring tone?

But, whatsoe'er to thee or me
The past hath brought, I catch once more
Thy lyre's soft strains of melody,
Even as they breathed of yore.

Something they bear of saddened thought—
A tone of mournful memories;
But ever were thy numbers fraught
With visions of the skies.

And welcoming the well-known lay,
I joy, those visions still are thine—
Revealings of the eternal day,
Poured from the fount divine,

Where, breathing no sad undertone,
Thy lyre shall wake immortal lays,
Blent with the harps before his throne
That hymn our Father's praise.

MISCELLANIA.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE

We parted, last month, fair reader, on the banks of the Hudson, between Whitehall and Troy. Let us return to that interesting ground; for there is much of interest, not only in the scenery, but in the historic associations of the Hudson. We have already alluded to the surrender of Burgoyne, which was made in this neighborhood. I am not about to repeat the whole story of the war of the Revolution, nor indeed any part of it. I am not intending to trace the progress of either the British or American army along this route, nor to give an account of the causes and consequences of the surrender of the British forces to the American general. These things you may find in any book of American history. I have little taste for reading, or tact for describing, scenes of battle and blood. Nor would I desire to inspire in you a love for such reading. But there were a few incidents, in the expedition of Burgoyne, exhibiting heroic virtues of female character—incidents not usually sketched in books of history, but which are more interesting than the usual descriptions of battles and victories.

MISS MCREA.

Near Fort Edward, Burgoyne was met by an American—in British language, a *royalist*, but the Americans would call him a *tory*—who connected himself with the British army. This man, whose name was Jones, was engaged for marriage with a beautiful and lovely girl, who lived a few miles below the fort. He had promised her to send, as soon as he should meet the British army, an escort to conduct her to a place of safety. Very unwisely, he employed a party of savages to conduct the lady from her home, where she might be exposed to danger from the meeting of two hostile armies, to the British camp, where she might be protected, and enjoy the society of some ladies of accomplished character, who were accompanying their husbands in this expedition. The savages were promised, as a reward for their labor and fidelity, a *barrel of rum*. Some time after they were gone, Jones sent off a second party of Indians on the same errand, and with promise of the same reward. The first party had found the lady, and were returning with her. At a spring, still pointed out to the traveler, and still flowing with waters as pure as if they had never been defiled with blood, the second party were halting to refresh themselves, after a severe contest with a party of Americans, whom they had met and massacred. Here the two parties of barbarians met. Between them rose a quarrel, each party claiming the right of escorting the lady, in order to secure the barrel of rum. The dispute was raging with savage yells, horrid outcries, and threatening attitudes, when a chief terminated it by shooting down the innocent girl, tearing her scalp from her head, and dashing it with a demoniac yell into the face of his antagonist. The two parties then

made a compromise. They rended the scalp in two; each chief took the half; they returned to their employer, and demanded an equal division of the reward. Such are the results of war, and of rum. I know not which is the worse evil. In each case the calamities fall heaviest on the innocent and the helpless.

It is said of the unhappy Jones, that, when he saw the long, flowing tresses of his loved one in the hands of the savages, and clotted with blood, he was horror-struck. Every hair on his head turned white in a single night, and he soon after died of a broken heart.

LADY HARRIET ACKLAND.

One of the ladies in the British camp, was the wife of Col. Ackland. She had been brought up with all the refinement, and had been accustomed to all the luxuries of noble birth and ample fortune. She was very slight and delicate in form, feeble in health, and surpassingly lovely and gentle in character. When, on the breaking out of the American war, her husband was ordered from England to Canada, the lady accompanied him to Quebec. Declining, though urged by her husband, to remain at Quebec, she accompanied him on his perilous expedition as far as Ticonderoga. Her health appeared too delicate to bear longer the fatigue and exposure of the journey, and she was left at Ticonderoga, under injunction to remain, while her husband proceeded on with the army. Soon after, in an engagement on the shores of Champlain, Col. Ackland was wounded. The lady, on hearing of the condition of her husband, immediately followed on to the camp, and by day and by night watched by him, acting as his sole nurse, until he recovered. After this she refused to be left behind, but accompanied her husband wherever he went, though the only means of conveyance was the baggage-wagons, drawn over a dangerous and rough road.

The battle of Stillwater continued two days. On the first day Col. Ackland was wounded, and was left alone in a fence corner of the battle-field. As an American officer was riding over the field, after the British had retreated, he heard some one saying to him, in a feeble voice, "Protect me, sir, from that boy." He looked in the direction whence he heard the voice, and saw the faint and bleeding Englishman lying helpless on the ground, and a small boy with a musket aimed at his head. The generous American arrested the proceedings of the boy, placed the wounded man on his own horse, and carried him to the American camp. At night Lady Ackland looked for her husband, but he did not return. She soon learned that he had been carried wounded to the American camp. She went to Gen. Burgoyne, and entreated to be sent to her husband. The American camp was some distance down the Hudson. The night was dark and rainy. The British general had no means of conveyance to offer the lady, but an open boat, nor could he send any one to accompany her to a hostile camp. She however hesitated not. Alone she went on

board the boat, and with a paddle navigated the frail skiff, in the dark and rain, down the Hudson to the American camp. The sentinel hears the splash of the oar, and calls out, "Who goes there?" A soft voice answers, "A woman." A woman in such a place, and on such a night as this! The soldier could not believe it. He feared some deception, or disguise, and therefore detained the lady, until he could report the strange story, and receive directions from his superior officer. To Lady Ackland delay was grievous; but she had to submit. A little time only, however, elapsed, when the devoted woman was permitted to proceed to her wounded husband. She met him with such expressions of tenderness and affectionate interest, as drew tears from the eyes of the veteran warriors who witnessed the scene.

LADY REIDESEL

The Baroness of Reidesel, with her three little children, was accompanying her husband on this expedition. On the day of the battle, to which we have referred in our notice of Lady Ackland, Mrs. Reidesel had invited Gen. Burgoyne, Col. Ackland, and Gen. Frazer to dine with her husband. Before the hour of dining had come, she observed a movement among the troops. Soon the horrid sounds of the savage war-yell grated on her ear, and the roar of artillery reverberated among the hills. The dinner-table remained waiting till near night, nor could the anxious lady obtain any intelligence from her husband or friends. Toward evening Gen. Frazer was brought into the house mortally wounded. The table was then removed, and in its place a bed was spread for the wounded man. After dark Gen. Reidesel found time to slip into the house, and whisper to his wife, that the result of the day had been unfortunate, even disastrous to the British, that the army must retreat at early morning, and that she must pack up her things, and be ready for removal. She therefore had to spend the night in preparing for removal, waiting on the wounded officer, and hushing the unquiet slumbers of her children.

Toward morning Gen. Frazer's symptoms betokened approaching dissolution. The lady wrapped her little children in the bed-clothes, and carried them into the cellar, so that they might not disturb the last hours of her dying friend. She then sat down by him, nor left his side till he expired.

The dying general requested to be buried, on a hill near by, at six o'clock in the evening. Burgoyne had resolved to retreat that morning; but he would not start till he had fulfilled to the letter the last request of his departed associate. At the appointed hour the procession formed at the house, and moved on toward the place of burial. The American army seeing the procession, but not suspecting its sacred purpose, directed their artillery upon it. With slow and measured tread the funeral train moved on, along the hill-side, while flames were flashing, and smoke was rising from the plain. At the grave the burial service was read amidst cannon balls, and with the incessant roar of battle.

The body was deposited in the grave while the balls were falling thick and fast around, tearing up the earth, and throwing it over the corpse, and in the faces of the mourners. To add to the awful solemnities of this strange funeral, a thick, dark cloud was rising in the west, the lightnings were darting across the heavens, and the thunder was rumbling among the hills.

After the surrender of the army of Burgoyne, Lady Reidesel proceeded to join her husband, who, with the other British officers, was a prisoner in the American camp. She placed her children in a wagon, herself took the reins, and drove along the American line. As she was approaching headquarters, an American officer met her, took the children from the wagon, affectionately kissed them, and offered the mother his hand, saying, "You tremble, lady: I pray you you be not afraid." "Sir," said she, "your manner encourages me. I am sure you are a *husband* and a *father*. I will then no longer be afraid."

Such incidents exhibit the redeeming traits of human character, and greatly relieve the history even of war of its dark shades.

SCENERY OF THE HUDSON.

The natural scenery along the Hudson river is, as all the world knows, renowned for its beauty. The beautiful sometimes even yields to the grand—the sublime. The sources of the river are seldom visited by civilized man, and little known to any but the wild huntsman. Its springs issue from the dark and gloomy sides of the Adirondack hills. The traveler, as he glides down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, or over the smooth waters of Champlain, may see the long blue outline of that mountain range, wild, rugged, grand, covering a territory said to be larger than the entire state of Massachusetts. Amidst those hills are numerous lakes, beautiful, but seldom ruffled by paddle or oar. Intersecting those mountain ranges are valleys; but the smoke of no farm-house rises from them. In those dark glens the bear yet growls undisturbed. From the tree-tops of those forests the panther screams. On those hill-sides the hungry wolf howls.

Leaving this wild and savage region, the Hudson, after many meanderings, winds its way into the beautiful valley lying between the Adirondack and the Green Mountain range. From the place where the traveler first catches a glimpse of the river from the Champlain canal, to West Point, a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, the country is surpassingly beautiful. The immediate valley of the river is narrow, but the gently sloping hills are fertile and well cultivated. Villages and cities are scattered all along. We whizzed so rapidly along the railroad by Stillwater, and Waterford, and Lansingburg, that I could not see them. We crossed the seven mouths of the Mohawk. We crossed the Hudson itself, and arrived at Troy. "Confusion worse confounded," what a tumult there was about the baggage-car! No Yankee could invent a more effective system to try the patience of travelers,

than that adopted by the agents of this road in relation to baggage. It was some comfort, however, to us, to be told that we had fared worse that night than usual.

Troy is situated on a plain between the river and a fine hill, which they call Mount Ida. From the hill you may look down on the entire city and adjacent country. Six miles below Troy, on the other side of the Hudson, is Albany, built on a hill-side, and presenting a fine view from the river, and from the railroad running from Troy to Greenbush. Below Albany is Hudson, built also on a hill, and Poughkeepsie, hardly visible from the river, and Newburg, having a fine prospect of ten miles or more down the Hudson. The sloping hills along the river are in a good state of cultivation, with elegant mansions surrounded by green lawns, and neat farm cottages peering up amidst the groves of cedars and pines. At West Point the noble river, having a depth, it is said, of many hundred feet, forces its way through the Highlands, which here would seem to have formed once a barrier, cutting off all passage to the ocean. The Highlands at West Point would seem the connecting link between the Green Mountains and the great Alleghany range. There seems to be a nearly continuous mountain range, extending through twenty degrees of latitude in North America, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to that of Mexico. Wherever this chain is ruptured by rivers, or turned aside by intersecting valleys, the scenery becomes grand, yea, sublime. Such is the case at West Point. The precipitous hills crowd close upon the stream, and rise with their bleak and barren summits high up toward heaven.

It was near noon of a summer day, when I stepped from the steamboat to the pier at West Point. No house was in sight; but I saw a neat foot-path winding up the hill, and I naturally concluded it must lead to some place. I climbed up, up, up, at an angle which appeared to me marvelously obtuse, especially as the day was hot, and I had come from a champaign country, where a common ant hill would be esteemed a rarity. I thought of Sisyphus, when

"Up the high hill he heaved the huge round stone."

But the toilsome labor was greatly relieved by the rare scenery of the place. Below me was the Hudson, with its waters booming majestic toward the ocean; above me was a mountain peak towering toward the blue sky; and around me, shading the path, were sweet-scented cedars and tassel-leaved pines, while all the birds, that used to sing in the evergreen bowers of my native home, in childhood's haleyon days, seemed to have met in the grove to greet me with a welcoming concert. It reminded me of other days, of happier days, ere time had sprinkled gray hairs over my temple, or the shadows from the grave of the loved and the lost had fallen on my heart.

Emerging from the evergreen grove, I stood on a plain, level, smooth, and treeless as a western prairie. The plain of West Point is circular,

perhaps a mile or more in circumference. A fine road runs all around it, close to the precipitous brink on the river-side, and along the base of the mountain on the south and west. On the circumference of the plain are situated the buildings of the United States Military Academy, and the dwellings of the officers and professors. On the upper extremity of the plain, commanding an extensive and most beautiful prospect, stands the West Point Hotel. From the window of the room which I occupied during the few weeks of my visit, I could look down on the noble Hudson, as it was winding around the point, its surface crowded with steam-boats, and all sorts of sailing craft, and its banks lined, wherever an accessible spot can be found, with cities, villages, palaces, and cottages. The craggy Highlands crowd the stream in some places into a very narrow channel, and then, receding, permit it to spread out into a broad, open sea. Stretching away in the distance is the grand range of the Kaatskill, tinged with that azure blue which constitutes the chief element of the beautiful in mountain scenery.

By moonlight the scene was enchantingly beautiful. I often rose from my bed at midnight, threw open my window, and looked for many an hour on the fairy-like picture—the river now sparkling beneath the clear, full moon, now buoying up innumerable sail, and now ruffled by the paddling wheel of the magnificent steamer—the Highlands throwing their black shadows over the waters, and the dim and distant outline of the wild Kaatskill looming up against the western sky. I have said that it was about noon of a summer day, when I for the first time set my foot on this enchanting ground. Having been for many a long year tied down by a bell-rope to a single spot of this beautiful earth, from which not a hill, nor a lake, nor a river could be seen, but instead one interminable plain, covered by a continuous forest, and stretching away far as the eye could reach, I had long pined for one more look at the hazy blue of a mountain landscape. During the long afternoon, during the fairy time of waning twilight, and during moonlight hours of stilly night, I continued at my window, looking out on that delightful scenery. At early morning I arose for a solitary ramble. Returning to the river-side, by the same path by which I had ascended the day before, I proceeded along the edge of the precipice by a winding walk, made by much labor, and at great expense, graveled over the plain ground, bridged over the ravines, and terraced along the hill-side. The path was all the way shaded by evergreens; and at convenient distances were rustic benches, on which the weary rambler might rest. There were secluded bowers, in which Calypso herself might have been content to live, if only Ulysses could have been induced to forget the "rising smoke of his native land." Turning the sharp corner of a precipitous promontory, I entered a shady nook, where was bubbling up from the earth a clear, cool fountain into a marble basin, on

whose rim was inscribed, Kosciusko. High up the bank stood a monument, with the same name on it. Chained to the rim of the basin was a cup, in which the thirsty traveler might convey that pure, sparkling water to his lips. Leaving this place, known as Kosciusko's garden, you pass along the river-side, until you reach the main road, at the foot of the plain. This beautiful path is called *Flirtation* walk; but that so beautiful a place should ever be desecrated by the presence of flirts is a sad pity.

A more rugged path leads to Fort Putnam, on the summit of a high hill. The fort was occupied during the war of the Revolution, but has now nearly gone to decay. Nothing remains, but massy walls, heavy embankments, and damp, dark cells, looking much like monstrous ovens, or abandoned limekilns. The stone walls, being covered with earth, and grown over by trees, yet remain firm, and may stand for centuries. But the hands which erected them have long since been folded for the last time over the slumbering bosom, and never again shall be employed on human works.

Below West Point the river runs still amid the Highlands, until it finds room to spread out into the lake called Tappan Sea. For several miles below this expansion it is confined in a narrow channel by the singular wall of rocks called the Palisades. Below this odd geological formation it continues on with banks of gentle acclivity, covered with groves, and orchards, and elegant mansions, until, winding around the island on which is built the magnificent city of New York, it at last finds its way to the Atlantic.

Beautiful as is the scenery of this paragon of a river, yet many travelers, especially young ladies, seem to prefer, while passing along the most interesting portions, to spend the time in reading the light and insipid literature, with which every steamboat company appears always supplied. The taste of such travelers must be wofully corrupted. I pity one who can postpone the view of the magnificent scenery of the Hudson, for a trashy novel. I wonder what such people travel for. They could read at home at less expense. There must be something in their minds out of joint.

MUSIC OF THE FOREST.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDNER.

AFAR in the forest I roam;
In the green, leafy halls,
By the bright waterfalls,
I've chosen my beautiful home:
I watch the sunbeam,
I list to the stream
Of the hill-torrent rolling along;
The wood-zephyr brings
On its transparent wings
A treasure of fragrance and song.

Hark! hark! the gentle breath
Of one soft music note,
Then all is hush'd and still as death:
Anon there seems to float
Upon the amber breeze
Rich, countless melodies.

And these are echoed by the mountain,
Repeated by the murm'ring fountain,
Soft chanted by the rippling river;
Harp-strings in every leaflet quiver.
Away from the haunts of men,
In the sylvan, mossy glen,
The genius of melody dwells;
In the briery, dark ravine,
'Neath the thicket's thorny screen,
From the ledges' craggy cells,
The voice of melody swells:
There are lutes in the forest dells.
The blithe birds carol free and clear,
The wild bee's hum falls on the ear,
And loud, and high,
To the glowing sky,
Where the stars in beauty are dwelling,
The chorus of nature is swelling.

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. R. A. SEARLES.

'Tis twilight deep;
The lilies sleep;
The roses blush perfume;
The silent gale
Floats down the vale,
To hush the stirring plume.

All nature's still;
The murmur'ring rill
Scarce breathes a liquid note;
The tuneful bird
Not now is heard,
Nor e'en the rustling mote.

Night's smiling queen,
In silver sheen,
Walks forth in royal state,
While vestal stars,
And valiant Mars,
Upon her footsteps wait.

The twilight hour,
Day's pensive dower,
A lesson may impart—
Life's morning ray—
Its noon-bright day—
The twilight of the heart.

The passions hush'd,
Ambition crush'd,
The spirit melts with love:
Now vail'd from sight,
Earth's visions bright,
Faith looks to things above.

PARLOR MUSIC.

BY PRESIDENT WENTWORTH.

"Old tunes,
From instruments of well-remembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice." BRYANT.

THIRTY years ago there were only two pianos in our village. Sue C., the lovely daughter of a wealthy silversmith, residing nearly opposite the huge, old-fashioned village school-house, owned one of them. Each noon and evening, the "noisy mansion" poured forth some fourscore representatives of the rising generation, with a stunning volley of shouts and screams, and deafening merriment. The riot suddenly ceased, as the motley crowd pressed to the glazed front of the shop of Deacon C., glittering with gold and jewelry, to await the chiming of an old music-clock, that ushered in every third hour with a flourish of bells; or, as the little groups defiled more cautiously along the white door-yard fence of the Deacon's poplar-embowered mansion, to catch, without seeming to violate propriety by positively pausing for the purpose, the ringing chords and joyous tones of Sue and her piano. I suspect she was not much of a player; but we school-children thought her a prodigy. Pianos were not as common then as now-a-days. Gentle Sue! She was her mother's darling daughter—what Sue is not?—and the Deacon, his small gray eyes would twinkle and glisten, like the costly brilliants of his own dazzling show-case, over the tops of his huge, silver-rimmed spectacles; and his sharp, thin features would weave a network of wrinkles, intended, no doubt, for smiles, while the clear, light voice of little Sue, mingling tenderly with the tones of her instrument, fell on the delighted, and not over-nice ears of their evening guests. Poor Sue! she is dead now; and so is the Deacon, and his thrift-loving spouse. All have gone down to the tomb! And the piano—pianos do not die—has long since passed into other hands. Those lustrous keys, used only to light, lingering, loving contact with the slender fingers of their former little mistress, whose slight hand never caused them a moment's pain, unless to excite, unconsciously, a jealousy of the rivalry of their own pearly whiteness—what tortures may they not have since endured! Such tortures as piano-keys alone know—as they have been banged by masculine fists, and thumped and rattled in the *con energia* style of deacons' daughters of the present day!

Julia S., the eldest of a bevy of Italian-eyed girls, with dark, flowing tresses, the orphaned mistresses of a large, aristocratic-looking dwelling, ornamented with blinds, and pillars, and porticoes, and overshadowed with towering elms, was the owner of the other instrument. Julia, sensible by nature and accomplished by education, became what the world loves to call a "splendid woman;" but she was no

musician. Lessons in music were a part of boarding-school instruction; the piano was a part of the parlor furniture, and playing was a part of the regular entertainment of the merry groups that clustered nightly around so attractive a centre. Yet all did not make Julia a musician; she did not love to play. Affectation and coyness were strangers to her nature; and, when officiously handed to the music-stool by some eager amateur, she mechanically spread open huge folios, clouded with lines, and dots, and characters, as unintelligible as Syriac, and ran her fingers clumsily over the keys, as a prelude to some little piece, familiarized by long practice as a school exercise, protesting all the while, "I don't play, sir, really, I don't play." There was truth in her protestations. She did not play, and nobody should have solicited her to attempt it. She would have taken it as no slight to have been spared a public exhibition of her native want of musical taste and skill. She went to the piano by constraint, and left it as soon as courtesy would permit: it is cruel to put politeness and good nature to such tests. Julia is married now, and has a lovely family. The old piano stands there still; its keys are yellow with age; now and then a string is wanting, and the survivors jar sadly with each other. A tear stands in our eye when we think of the reign of silence, disorder, and discord, where once all was life, and harmony, and love. How like to human existence! Superannuated and forsaken, the once proud ornament of the parlor looks as forlorn as if it were conscious, not only of the ravages of years, but of the well-founded suspicion of having done little in the way of making good music in its day! And, as a romping, roguish-eyed minx, in the bloom of whose cheeks nestle a dozen laughing summers, or a careless, curly-headed sprig of republicanism, a shoot of fourteen vigorous years, trips past the open instrument—once a household's care, now deserted, like many a neglected or forgotten source of joy—and, with a rash blow, or the sweep of a random hand, sends a pelting shower of hammers among the clashing wires, the answering reverberations go to the heart like the groans of a dying sinner over the ruins of a wasted life! Yet this old piano has a consolation which few idlers can boast. If it has not developed such strains as Mozart or Rossini would have struck from beneath its dampers, it has, doubtless, improved all its opportunities. In this particular it probably resembles many of its contemporaries. How much of the activity and relative usefulness of pianos, as well as of men, depends upon circumstances! What unavailing regrets must sigh along the sounding board of many a worn-out instrument, that it had not fallen into hands that would have brought out its latent powers! that Paganini or De Belleville had not surprised and delighted the world with it by the disclosure of capacities, the existence of which had never before been suspected. Many a lyre is as voiceless as that of Orpheus in the silent sky for want of the creative skill needful to give form to

the shadowy strains that linger among its strings, like the ghosts of unborn generations on the banks of the river of forgetfulness! Perished, with this old piano, are the dreams even of "divine adajios," and allegros of "celestial quality!" So perish, hourly, hosts of human capabilities, merely for the want of opportunities to elicit their development!

Our village has since been deluged with pianos. Village "prima donnas" have been as common as village belles. Piano-forte wires jingle from morning till night under roofs, that, from the known thrift of those they shelter, are suspected to be scantily supplied with bread; and young ladies who ought to lend their aid in preparing dinner, or in earning it, sit for hours in affected dishabille, bawling ballads to the walls of close apartments, or drumming accompaniments to simpering, sentimental love songs. Tribes of misses, of that "certain age which is most uncertain," with one or two quarters' instruction in fingering the scales, have gone out from our midst in the capacity of music teachers. A few dashing quicksteps, a few hobbling waltzes, a few imitations and variations, a crashing battle-piece or two, constituted their entire capital upon which to realize fame and fortune. If the former was wanting, or was decidedly local, the latter not unfrequently came in the shape of excellent husbands, and excellent opportunities therewith, to demonstrate that a bad pianist is not necessarily a bad housewife. Bread-kneading may stiffen the knuckles, and the fingers may lose the suppleness necessary to the performance of a brilliant prelude, or a rattling quadrille; yet they will rarely refuse to get off a respectable accompaniment to a solicited song, or to go triumphantly through with that feat of feats in the annals of modern piano-playing, particularly in our village, the *execution* of a grand march. Reader, did you ever listen to a grand march? When every damper is raised and every key is pressed with sledge-hammer force—when every wire in the instrument trembles with the agony of percussion or sympathetic apprehension over an expected blow—the harmonies of the tonic and every related key commingle in inextricable confusion, and the whole winds up with a grand crash, who is not overwhelmed, and led to doubt whether his ear-drums are saluted with veritable harmonies, or with a deluge of hammers and wires?

Within the memory of a generation, the entire country, as well as our village, has been flooded with pianos. It would savor too much of counting-house calculation to estimate the cost of the material every year assuming this form of fixed capital, and to inquire whether the social and moral benefits, the immaterial gratification, in any degree compensates for the immense annual outlay for labor and transportation, mahogany, rosewoods, ivory, varnish, and steel wire. It would render those of our fair readers, whose accounts have not yet been committed to their own keeping, nervous, to follow us through the estimate of another

item of expenditure immediately associated with the possession of this indispensable accessory to a well-furnished mansion: it is the expense for instruction, for the support of flippant, whiskered transatlantics, whose cards blush not to stereotype the standing recommendation, "late of St. Paul's Cathedral"—mere bellows-blowers in their own country—the courted and flattered "professors" of this. We have often thought that the substitution of the barrel organ would be attended with manifest advantage to the purse and patience, to the ears, and a laudable disposition of industry and time. The prime cost is less than that of the piano—if pins and pipes are well-adjusted it is impossible for its jigs and waltzes to be out of time or tune—it takes but a few lessons to teach the dullest the art of crank-turning—it would release scores of young ladies from hours of irksome practice, to attend to household duties, and would send nine-tenths of the loose-living professional music teachers, and all the itinerant organ-grinders, into employments more profitable to themselves and more conducive to social thrift.

The money and time thus liberated might be advantageously devoted to the cultivation of the vocal organs, a department of music in which we Americans are sadly deficient. To many American ears, the rolling chords, orchestral harmonies, and soul-stirring aspaggios of the piano are far less intelligible than the jingling of cash upon a counter; yet few are utterly insensible to the melody of a well-trained voice, especially when it is made the vehicle of sentiments congenial with the feelings of the listener. Such music goes directly to the heart; yet how little of our fashionable music consists with the national tastes, habits, or associations!

We are not a theatre-loving people; and yet the pages of the music shops reflect the mawkish sentiment and corrupting frivolities of the stage. While the concert-room has contributed to the parlor a fund of respectable sentiment in the less objectionable pieces of Russel, Dempster, the Hutchinsons, and others, it has borrowed largely from the "boards" the vitiating melodies of Rice, a miserable farrago of the worst forms of a corrupt negro dialect, married to fragments of the Italian opera. With the love strains and drinking anacreontics of Moore and Hoffman, sober republicans and these temperance days have little affinity; and the war and hunting songs of moody and merry England have as little propriety in an American parlor as the cantering of Arabian camels in the ring of a menagerie to the strain,

"The campbells are coming! hoora! hoora!"

The American mind is eminently religious, and it is somewhat to be regretted that the only instrument really adapted to the parlor is so ill-fitted, on account of the transiency of its tones, for sacred music. Organ attachments have sought to remedy this defect, but without success. The "Æolian attachment" was a signal failure. The public were deceived by a name. We thought it some ingenious

mode of producing, on the strings of the common piano, the rich effects and inimitable harmonies of the Harp of the Winds. Judge of our disappointment, when, with our head full of ideas of the real *Æolian*,

"Whose mingling chords so wild are flung,
So soft their fitful murmurs ring,
They thrill as if an angel sung,
Or Ariel's finger touched the string,"

we sat down to the veritable instrument with which the ill-starred Coleman is said to have drawn tears from the eyes of England's Queen, and, with the first pressure of the pedal and key-board, made the vexing discovery that the far-famed attachment was nothing other than the miserable reeds of the accordion twanging simultaneously with the vibrations of the smitten wires! A fine female voice, giving intelligible utterance to the intelligible sentiment, sustaining the sounds, and imparting permanency of impression and effect to tones that stir from their depths the best affections of the heart, is the finest *Æolian* attachment we know of. Eclectic collections of piano and vocal music are not novelties; and, if they were, good sense and the least imaginable amount of religion, would purge piano portfolios of the nonsensical and the vicious. Professedly pious young ladies should be restrained by their profession, if by nothing else, from sending home new pieces in indiscriminate parcels, merely upon the recommendation of saloon keepers that they are "all the go." Sheets, at the end of the quarter, should not be sent, without selection, to the binder, to mingle, *ad libitum*, sacred with profane; the serious with the gay; the lying superscriptions of publishers with the sterile melodies of unfledged contrapuntists. Their folios would not then exhibit the Hutchinsons face to face with the "Sable Harmonists;" Miss Taylor in juxtaposition with Lucy Long, and the Daguerreotype of Dempster over against the full length crayon of Jim Crow! Thanks to the muse of a Hemans, to the inspiration of the "Lakers," to the presiding genius of American lyrics, particularly those that emanate from female pens, there is no lack of solid verse; and, thanks to talented composers, there is little lack of music fitted to be the associate of virtuous and exalted song. The instructive topics mingling with the ringing chorals of the golden Cithara of Jopas, in the court of Dido,

"—— errantem Lunam, Solisque labores;
Unde hominum genus, et pecudes; unde imber, et ignes;
Arcturum, pluvias que Hyadas, geminos que Triones;
Quid tantum Oceano properint sitingere, soles
Hyberni, vel quatardis mora noctibus obstet,"

would contrast favorably with the jingling fiddle-faddle of modern drawing-rooms; and the powerful sentiment found in every composition to which the "sweet singer of Israel" attuned his lyre, may serve as models for court entertainments and select concerts in this equally musical and more religious age.

The piano is a delightful instrument; yet is it too often regarded merely as a source of amusement,

without respect to its social and moral influences. Too often, in the household consecrated by the savor of devotion, the piano is left unsanctified. On Sunday it is closed, lest its irreligious and vain associations should divert the devout mind from the legitimate objects of worship. Why not make it the accompaniment of sacred song! Why not substitute, at all times, in scores of favorite airs, sacred words, or, at least, such sentiments as are free from folly and contamination! Beautiful was the example of the giddy votary of fashion that became a truly converted disciple of Christianity under the powerful preaching of the English Wesleyans. Great was the grief of worldly relatives. She must be brought to engage again in the frivolities of the world, and the piano is selected as the least objectionable agent with which to commence the attack. "If she will only play, the conquest will be easy; the victory will be speedily won." How short the triumph of worldly calculation, how surprised and disappointed the gay visitors, how salutary the tears of repentance that streamed from the eyes of a father, when, at his stern command, she took her seat at the instrument, and reluctantly commenced singing one of his favorite airs, with the words,

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone!"

Beautifully is the piano adapted to stanzas that embody the raptures of a soul filled with visions of immortality and celestial bliss. We need not wonder that, in the midst of its sparkling tones, lingers harmony of hearts. Many a tale of virtuous love, and years of domestic happiness, has had its inception here. Hast thou not, reader, pleasant memories of this harp-tone witchery? Gone are those whose minstrelsy once irradiated our souls with joy and satisfaction. Dark-eyed Harriet! her education was completed, and a magnificent piano, a present from a doting father, awaited her return to the parental roof. But consumption had exchanged the rose for the lily in her cheeks, and the promised harvest of golden harmonies was never gathered. Its first and last gleamings were in the chamber of death. "Place me," said the dying girl, "once more at the piano." She laid her wasted fingers upon the keys, but they refused to elicit the accustomed tones; their strength was gone for ever! A tear bedewed the lash that drooped with loving languishment over the lustrous eye of the fading consumptive, as she was carried from her favorite instrument to the pillow of death. A few days after we were called to her funeral. Strangely did the snowy drapery which closely shrouded the bereaved piano, contrast with the weeds, and palls, and sable woe that mantled all beside! Voiceless were those chords! Could they have spoken from their vaulted haunts, they would have wailed a requiem that would have startled Death from his stern purpose, or soothed with balmy tones the agony of hearts, perfumed the pathway of the mounting spirit with the breath

of song, and rung out answering echoes to the celestial symphonies that welcome the pure to the realms of love!

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. J. PORTER.

As the sun was retiring from the hill-tops of St. Lawrence county, N. Y., a gentleman alighted at the door of Mr. S., in quest of operatives for a manufactory in a young and enterprising village in the far-famed valley of the Connecticut. It may not be known to all that the larger manufacturing establishments of the east are under the necessity of resorting to extensive agencies to procure the requisite help for their business. Being employed by the month or the *piece*, as the case may be, they strike out several hundred miles in different directions, expatiating from house to house on the pleasures and profits of factory life, pledging such as can be enlisted for the service of their employers. It is said by those who ought to know, that they sometimes exaggerate; that neither the ease or remuneration of the business answers to the representation. This may be the case; but seldom, if ever, we think, with the approval of the owners; for, to say nothing of the moral character of such conduct, it is very unprofitable, since contracts procured by misrepresentation are without form, and generally terminate when the cheat is discovered.

Young Miss S. was attracted; and, in a few brief weeks, with about *thirty* others from her native county, she entered the village with mingled emotions. Time passed on, and, so far as we are informed, all anticipations were realized. Their common nativity and pursuit, the intercourse of the journey, and the fact that they were alike strangers in a strange place, bound them to each other in the bonds of sisterly affection. But other circumstances awaited them. The close of their first year found Miss S. convulsed and wasting under an epidemic, which, alas! had proved fatal to many around her. It was a trying hour, but relieved as far as the nature of the case would admit. True, no mother's hand was there to smooth her pillow, or wipe the cold sweat from her pallid brow; but her companions were her constant and sympathizing attendants. One thing only was lacking; and that was *religion*. *Poor girl!* she had neglected preparation for this solemn moment. She had loved, but not her God. Yet she must die. The awful mandate had gone forth, and there was no escape. The best that could be done was to improve the little fragment of life that remained. This she did. It was a thrilling scene! To see a young lady far away from home, with no sympathizing mother or sister to soothe the sorrows of the last hour, was affecting. But to see her dying in awful suspense, racked with guilt, and convulsed with fearful

apprehensions, was heart-rending. Isadore prayed, prayed earnestly, and sought the prayers of others. Besides, she exhorted her companions not to do as she had done—not to defer repentance to a dying hour. She warned them against dancing, and other follies in which they had recently participated, declaring, with terrible emphasis, "*A death-bed is no place for repentance.*" Thus she died, amid the regrets and tears of many who loved her, though a stranger. Fair reader, receive her parting admonition. Death, which comes to all, will come to you. It may overtake you far from friends and home; but this is of little consequence, if it finds you prepared. To the pious it is "*gain*," and it never comes out of time or place.

The approaching Sabbath was assigned for the funeral. An immense throng crowded the church to participate in the solemnities of the occasion. There lay the lamented stranger in a beautiful coffin, tastefully ornamented with flowers, to give her situation as much the appearance of cheerfulness as possible, while her *thirty* companions, clad in deep mourning, occupied the place of absent relatives, and wept for them. And they did it well and heartily. The mother herself, had she been present, could not have done it better. Charming sight! Ah! thought we, if our daughter must be borne to a stranger's grave in our ignorance and absence, let it be by such hands and hearts as these! A procession was then formed, embracing most of the coaches of the place, and Isadore was solemnly, and with marked attention and respect, committed to the dust.

THE ITINERANT.

BY REV. T. A. G. PHILLIPS.

FAR from my friends I'm doomed to roam;
To leave my father's house and home,
In distant lands to travel round,
To cultivate Immanuel's ground.

Far from my friends I'm bound to go,
And publish to the sons of woe
The Friend of sinners crucified;
That he for ALL MANKIND hath died.

Far from my friends I still will stay,
And show mankind the narrow way;
And point them to the heaven above,
Where Jesus reigns in perfect love.

Far from my friends, I still will try
To worship Him who rules on high:
If frequent here we cannot meet,
We'll cast our crowns at Jesus' feet.

O may we all in glory meet,
And joyfully each other greet;
And there eternally we'll tell
That Jesus has done all things well!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

FROM A FEMALE CORRESPONDENT.

Sir.—Your polite letter of January 9th came duly to hand. You ask some information respecting domestic manners and customs in France. Allow me to assure you that Americans generally have very little idea of the vast difference in these matters between their own country and this. It is a difference which extends to all classes, and is shown in every thing. The buildings, the mode of traveling, the public works, and the manner and degree of labor, all are totally unlike what is seen in the United States.

The French themselves are a strange people; but one need not live long among them to understand them—a people, light, vain, and inconstant, possessing but little depth of feeling, and affecting an indifference to even that little. Their love is gallantry, their friendship liking, and their business amusement. From the cradle to the coffin it is the same tune, and their chief aim is to amuse themselves—to guard, in every possible way, against their great enemy, *ennui*. Their philosophy, however injurious, has, nevertheless, much of truth in it: "it is much better," they say, "to waste life than to use it; for, do we not see that disappointment ever rewards the noblest efforts, and pain attends the most generous affections?" This philosophy, or indifference in all the more important concerns of life, is carried out in every thing. All they want is excitement; and, whether it is a tragedy or a comedy, the overthrow of a monarchy or its restoration, it is all the same, for, either way, they are kept from the misery of peace and quiet. But it is deplorable to witness the frivolous state in which the young people of France live. I was in company with a young man last evening who has lately been appointed to a government office; he remarked that he would rather they would at once give him a moderate salary, than to receive, as is always the case, an increased salary when he became older; because, if he had it now, he could live like a man, go to the theatres and the balls, and enjoy himself; but that, a few years hence, he would not want these amusements so much. This young man has not yet seen his nineteenth summer; but he has already learnt to seek his pleasures away from home; and this insatiable thirst for pleasure is not general, but universal among all classes: it is born in them, and grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength. No responsibility to Him who made them, no care for the future, ever seems to cast a shadow over the sunshine of pleasure for which, alone, they live, and think, and act. I asked a young acquaintance of this description, the other day, who was laying down his plans for a long life of enjoyment,

"Do you never think of another world? What if death should come to you in the midst of your joys?"

"O, well," he replied, shrugging his shoulders, "I should only be like every body else, and go where they go."

But what better can be expected of young people when their parents set them examples which makes one sigh to think of?

A young girl in France, to get married, must always have a dowry. Even the poorest working classes are not exceptions. The affair is managed very easily. A young man, in good circumstances, receives a visit from a friend.

"You are very comfortable," says the friend; "you should get married: I have found the person who will suit you exactly."

"What dowry will she have?" immediately asks the other.

"Fifty thousand francs."

"Pooh! that is hardly enough for two breakfasts; however, I will see."

He does so; learns that his friend has told the truth, and, in a few days, the preliminaries are all settled. The parents give the young man fifty thousand francs to take their child off their hands, and the young girl, who has spent her life within the walls of a convent, gladly accepts of any means which may emancipate her from the discipline and surveillance of the Lady Abbess. She thus becomes a wife, with no thought but that henceforth she will have a station of her own, and be free to do as she pleases. In a very short time her dowry is eaten up, and mutual recriminations follow. The husband returns to the haunts of his bachelor days, and winks at his wife's intrigues with others of his sex, because, through their means, he is not annoyed with constant demands on his purse.

This state of things is not now confined, as formerly, to the rich and noble, but reaches even the mechanic and the day-laborer. What kind of parents can they be expected to make? and what can be expected from the children, when the mother puts no restraint upon her conduct before them, but receives her admirers, and talks with her female intimates with the greatest freedom while superintending her children's toilet?

I asked a Catholic priest, who called upon me a day or two since, why children of eight and ten years of age were allowed to take the communion, when they did not understand what it meant, or what it exacted.

"It is because of their very ignorance that it is given to them thus early," he replied: "it is a sacrament which we like to administer to the pure and innocent. After ten years of age, children already know too much; they know as much as their mothers."

But I do not wish to make my letter too serious by touching farther on a moral condition, which, for an entire nation, is, I suppose, without a parallel this side of the land of Mohammed.

A stranger, and particularly an American, will find much to amuse him in visiting the French, and seeing them in their domestic life—what little there

is of it. The life of a French woman is generally divided between her toilet, her visits, and her shopping. This last occupies most of her time; and what a resource it is, truly! When we see how hour after hour is spent in the pleasing employment of handling laces worth a small fortune per yard, flowers only wanting the perfume to make them as lovely as if freshly plucked from the garden of delights, and jewels only less bright than the eyes which behold them, we are led to wonder what did, what could the daughters of Greece and Rome, to whom shopping was an unknown pleasure, have found to occupy their time! Harm, no doubt, as a favorite writer says; for

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

But, without that grand resource, how they managed to get through the four and twenty hours, is to the French ladies as great a mystery as the man with the iron mask.

As to the men in France, one half of them look as if running on an errand, or from an arrest, and the other half stroll about, as if intent only on losing their time.

Both men and women are endowed with an extraordinary degree of self-possession in every thing which does not relate to politics; and it is next to impossible to shake it in any way. A Frenchman will tell a falsehood, and, with the proof before his eyes, will maintain his first assertion firmly, and often end by convincing his accuser that he is really mistaken.

The ladies seldom forget themselves, and, in the most desperate circumstances, comport themselves with a coolness which is often laughable. An incident illustrating this occurred here a short time since. A carriage, containing two ladies, was awkwardly overturned in the middle of the river. Both came near being drowned, and were, with great difficulty, saved by some men who, fortunately, came down to the river to fish. When they were got out, and placed on the bank, one of the men approached the eldest lady, and said, soothingly,

"Don't be frightened any longer; you are out now and safe."

"O," she replied, calmly looking up, "I was not at all frightened; I knew somebody would come and save me."

The weather being very delightful now, I walk out occasionally, and learn a great deal, I assure you, in my rambles. Last week, I went with a friend some distance into the country. We were much amused by the different peasants we met, and their various occupations. You are aware, perhaps, that the farms in France are not divided by fences or hedges, but a stake at each corner marks the property of each farmer. You will see a great many laborers working, all apparently on the same piece of ground; but, upon inquiry, you find that it is divided into several farms, and each owner

knows his ground by the stakes. Neither are the farm-yard gentry, the pigs, the sheep, and poultry, kept in inclosures, as in other countries, but are followed round and watched by their owners. If a man owns a sheep and a turkey, or chicken, his wife generally takes her knitting and sits by the stake to which the sheep is tied, all day, and one of the little children trots after the turkey, holding it by a long string tied to its leg. This is not an exaggerated picture; we saw more than one like it in our walk the other day. On the way we encountered several women going to market; by the side of each one jogged quietly a little donkey, saddled with paniers, filled with provisions of different kinds. The women walked along slowly, whipping the donkeys all the time, with a regular see-saw kind of a motion, which had evidently become a habit, and which the donkeys did not seem to regard at all, but trotted patiently on, looking perfectly happy, and as if they knew that their drivers did not mean the whipping seriously. These little animals are much used in France, and do not seem to possess the obstinacy which is generally attributed to them. We saw one young girl with her donkey by the river's side, filling her paniers with dirt to make her spring garden.

Returning from our walk, we took the bank of the canal, which, being bordered on both sides by tall poplars, forms a walk truly delightful. I asked my friend what kind of boats were used on the canal. Almost as I spoke he pointed one out to me, a short distance ahead of us. I observed that it advanced very slowly, and I could see no horses attached to it. We soon came up to it, and what was my astonishment to find it drawn by a woman and her son, a stout little fellow of about twelve years of age! The boy was on one side of the canal and the woman on the other. The ropes by which they pulled were fastened to a broad band, crossing from the right shoulder to the left side. In this way they did not use their hands at all. The woman was a tall, thin, patient-looking creature, poorly clad, and evidently struggling hard with the cares of life. In the boat, which was a large, clumsy-looking thing, shaped very much like an Illinois scow, sat a little girl of two years of age, dirty as a little pig, but happy as a queen, quietly rolling and playing in a pile of coarse sand, which formed the boat's cargo. We stopped and spoke to the woman; her husband, she said, was sick, which made it necessary for her little boy to take his place. She pulled with a great effort, and seemed to be almost exhausted. My friend asked her to allow him to pull a moment, as he wished to see if it was as great a labor as it looked. While she stopped to take off the band, the husband, *man-like*, though sick and confined to the miserable little cabin, stuck his head out of the door, and demanded angrily why she stopped. She answered him very quietly, and finished placing the band on my companion's shoulder. He pulled a little while; and, though a strong man, the effort was so great that

the perspiration soon stood out in drops on his forehead, and he gave up, exclaiming against the barbarity of a woman's being put to such work. The poor creature seemed very grateful for the little respite she had had, and called down upon us the blessings of various saints when we left a little silver in her hand.

We afterward saw several boats; one drawn by a father and his two children, a girl of about fourteen, and a boy of perhaps ten years of age. He said that the most they could go with a load was four or five miles a day, and that by working very hard; so you may judge that canal boats do not make much progress in France: to nervous people, those who like quiet and safe traveling, I recommend them. This canal that I speak of is one of the most important in France, the great canal of the Loire. But on none are horses allowed; all the labor is done by men, women, and children.

But what pleases me very much is to see the cheerfulness with which the poorer classes perform the labor allotted to them. They never complain; always answer you with a smile, and gladly give you all the information you may require of them. In this respect—this general cheerfulness—they far excel any people I have ever met with.

But my letter has grown to a great length, and I fear you are already wearied. In my next I will continue the subject I have commenced, and speak more particularly of the domestic life of this "*grande nation.*"

Near Paris, France, Feb. 20, 1849.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

BY R. A. REDINGTON.

BEFORE the fall, when our first parents inhabited their own smiling Eden, their communion with angelic worshipers was probably not unfrequent, but looked for, and expected as something of common occurrence. The soft rush of angelic wings to their bower of love excited no surprise, but drew forth expressions of gratitude to the Giver of all good for intercourse so high and holy. How could we imagine it otherwise? for surely it was a fit place for seraphs' footsteps, scarcely inferior to their native heaven. Well might they love to linger on those flowery mounts, or along those blushing vales, glowing with faultless beauty, fresh from the hand of the world's Creator. But, especially, the yet sinless inhabitants of that blissful place must have shared their solicitude and affectionate regard. In the creation of man, they beheld the power and wisdom of God, and, though made a little lower than themselves, yet was qualified to show forth the glory of his great Creator, and swell, though with feebler notes, the universal song of praise to Him who sitteth on the throne.

But the scene is changed. Sin entered, and the penalty was death. Behold, there is silence in

heaven! Angelic harps are hushed! The highest seraph could devise no remedy, when lo! it is announced that God hath provided a ransom; the Son of his love will go forth and bear the weight of woe about to fall upon a ruined world! Again halleluias roll through the vast temple of God; wonder and love inspire the song. A new field is opened for the exercise of the loftiest powers of angelic minds; they were represented as taking the most lively interest in the great plan of human redemption. It is said "there is joy in heaven over *one* sinner that repenteth;" the sight of one penitent, at the foot of the cross, sends a new thrill of joy through that place, where joy, like an eternal sunshine, reigns. Angels have a subordinate agency in the execution of the great purposes of God toward a fallen world; they are his messengers, and fly, with the swiftness of thought, to this and other worlds, to fulfill his high behests.

How full of heavenly teaching and sublime interest was the dream of the patriarch Jacob, while on his way to Padanaram! Weary with his journey, tired nature sought repose, and, with the earth for his bed and a stone for his pillow, he laid him down and slept, when a vision, bright and glorious, arose to his astonished view. He beheld a ladder, high as heaven, and resting on the earth, upon which the angels of God were ascending and descending—a beautiful emblem of the ministry of love, which, through the redemption of Christ, still links earth to heaven, angels being represented as ministering "to those who shall be heirs of salvation." The humble follower of the Savior, wherever he may live and labor, is especially the object of their solicitude; "over him God hath given his angels charge, in their hands to bear him up, lest at any time he dash his foot against a stone;" "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them." Wherever a Christian languishes, or bows beneath a weight of affliction, there are the messengers of God to comfort and sustain him. Is he in circumstances of danger, surrounded by foes on every side? His unseen friends are near him, and pavilion him around about with their wings of love. Behold the prophet Elisha, surrounded by the Assyrian host; his affrighted servant cries out, "Alas! master, how shall we do?" Elisha answers, "Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them," and prays that his servant's eyes may be opened. The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and, behold! the mountain was full of horses, and chariots of fire around about Elisha. The Psalmist says, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels."

That Jehovah is constantly employing the ministry of angels, in the development of the vast arrangements of his government, is most clearly shown in the Bible—in what way, and the reason why, eternity alone will fully explain. The truth is revealed, and forms a golden link in the chain of love that binds the holy heart to the throne of the Eternal. If the worshipers of heaven take such an

interest in our welfare, with what eager footstep should we press forward in the path of life!

"And is there who the blessed cross wipes off
As a foul blot from his dishonored brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight."

An alliance so high and holy can never be formed or continued without a renunciation of sin, and constant looking unto Jesus, "who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him."

THE FAIRY LAND.

BY LAMDA.

THERE is a wide domain of enchantment—the fairy land of Memory. The fair goddess whose name it bears, is its proprietor, and, with her own hand, unlocks the gates, and leads the visitor through its varied scenery.

The pulpit labors of an autumnal Sabbath were ended. Alone and solitary in my study, sad thoughts, like angels dressed in mourning, came clustering, on silent wing, around me, still lovely in their sadness. In a moment I was at the gate of the fairy land. Its noiseless portals opened at the touch of the gentle goddess, and I walked through her enchanted grounds.

The first object that attracted my notice was a blooming child, ruddy as a cherub. He was kneeling at the lap of his mother, and the granite hills of New England threw their evening shadows over their dwelling; his flaxen hair hung in clusters on his neck, his tiny hands were clasped, and his inquiring eyes were gazing full in his mother's face. It was an angel face, pale, but beaming with affection. Her soft hand rested on his head, and, with a silver-toned voice, she repeated, "OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN." A tear gathered in my eye. The goddess waved her wand, and the vision passed.

Then appeared a laughing boy, with satchel on his arm, wending his way to school through the high grass of the prairies of the "firelands." The distant murmur of the restless Erie was music to his ears; the wild scenery of nature was around him; he heard the song of the coiled rattlesnake; the wild bee kissed the blushing flowers in his pathway; the red deer leaped from his grassy lair; the white swan rose with heavy wing from the crystal lake, as his merry shout rang on the morning breeze. The tall Indian warrior crossed his path, and, stooping, patted his glowing cheek, in token of friendship. But his ears are soon startled with the tramp of war, borne on western breezes like distant thunder. The deep-toned cannon of a fierce enemy are heard. The war-yell of treacherous savages echoes in the adjoining forest, and their hands are red with blood. Pale with fear, the boy clings to his mother; and the vision passed.

It was near midnight. In an extensive manufacturing establishment in the valley of the

Muskingum sat a youth of fortune. Huge columns of smoke towered from the giant chimney, whose base inclosed a glowing furnace, within whose fiery bosom the sand-stone from the distant hills became as melted wax, and, at the breath of the "blower," assumed forms beautiful and translucent—the delicate wine-glass, the massive goblet, the swelling decanter. It was the close of a sacred Sabbath—not sacred there, for "mammon" ruled.

There sat the youth, his six hours' labor ended, weary with toil, but not too weary for the work of sin. A pack of cards were in his hand, the poisonous glass at his side; and fearful oaths fell from his flippant tongue. He lifts his head—a pious father stands near him, and fixes upon him a long, searching, withering look, and then exclaims, "My God! and is it for this thou hast given me a son!" The stern rebuke entered like iron into his soul, and he fled for ever from that den of vice. I would have mused a moment on the dangerous snares laid for the feet of youth in our large towns and cities, but the vision passed, and a new scene appeared.

In the solemn recesses of a grove, whose giant maples had been rocked for centuries by the fresh breezes of Lake Erie, knelt a young man of twenty; around him rose the voice of intercession, like the sound of many waters, and deep tones of thrilling melody echoed through the star-lit grove; a gray-haired sire bent over him in prayer, and a mother wept at his side; a gleam of joy, like bright sunshine, passed over his face, and I heard him say, "O Lord, I will praise thee!" Again waved the potent wand, and the scene changed.

I saw a missionary, full of the ardor of youth, wending his way by an Indian "trail;" the waters of the St. Joseph rolled beside him; at his entrance the rude cabin of the emigrant became a temple of worship; and Night often drew her curtain around him homeless. I saw him bewildered by a wintry storm—his pathway lost; and, distant from the habitation of civilized man, he is about to pillow his head on the drifted snow, when the distant bark of an Indian dog invites him to a wigwam of reeds; and, trustingly, he lies down to slumber in the tent of the Ottawa; and the vision passed.

Next I beheld the pastor of a Church in the capital of a populous state. The spacious edifice was filled with solemn auditors, for the breathings of the Spirit were there. A fair form stood at the altar, robed in white; tears fell on her glowing cheek as she uttered the vows of consecration; and, as the pastor poured on her bowed head the baptismal element, I heard him pronounce a name which I must repeat no more; nor did the vision pass till she stood beside him, his own beauteous and trusting bride.

Once more the scene is changed. A Christian minister, in the same city, stood by the unclosed coffin of his beloved wife. Eleven summers had strewed their flowers in the pathway of their conjugal affections. Her smile had lightened his cares; she had watched by his pillow in sickness, and,

like a ministering angel, had been his solace in every hour of trial; but the rose had forsaken her cheek, and the angel of death had impressed her brow with his icy signet; her heart had stilled its throbings, and the long, long sleep of death had settled down upon her eyelids; and he who had watched over her, as a fair and tender flower, bowed down in the fullness of his grief, and pressed for the last time with his lips her marble brow. The vision passed.

The heavens grew black; heavy clouds rolled in gloomy masses over the sky; a furious tempest swept through the groaning forest, withering the beauteous trees with dreadful power, and dashing their green tops to the earth; terrific thunders pealed through the heavens, and the live lightning leaped from cloud to cloud. Mute with terror, I looked imploringly to the goddess. She waved her wand thrice, but in vain; the spirit of the storm would not down at her bidding. She left for a moment, and, returning, introduced a sister goddess, more enchanting than herself; a wreath of evergreen circled her brow, on which, in letters of light, was written, HOPE. She smiled encouragingly; and, at the wave of her wand, the storm was hushed—a beauteous bow spanned the retiring clouds, nature bloomed in fresh loveliness around me, and my heart was again filled with joy and gladness. Then I learned that Hope dwelleth in the fairy land of Memory, and that only her potent wand can hush the tempest of adversity, dispel the gloomy clouds of sorrow, and cause a new Eden to bloom around the once desolate and stricken heart.

• • •
"LOVEST THOU ME?"

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BY F. FISK.

It would not be difficult to show that all delight is derived from love. This fact, indeed, I conceive to be self-evident. And is it not, also, true, that the worthier the object of our affection, the purer will be the pleasure it yields?

Have you a chosen friend, virtuous, amiable, intelligent, loving, and in every way lovely? And does not your affection for such a friend yield more pleasure than the love of earthly treasures, or pleasures, or fame? But what are the charms of any *creature* in comparison with those of Him "in whom all beauties dwell?" Let inspiration answer: "As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." What contrast more striking than the delicate lily with the bramble-bush! and how choice and attractive would be the apple tree, in its vernal, blooming beauty, or laden with the golden fruit of autumn, standing, isolated from its kind, in the midst of forest trees! So superior is the object of the Christian's supreme affection to the most lovely among the sons and daughters of men: "He is the

chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely." There is nothing, either in his person or character, which is not lovely.

"Dear Savior, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food,
And grace command my heart away
From all created good."

If it were true that he is happiest who loves most, without reference to the character of the object of his affection, it would even then be true that he that loves the Savior is the happiest of the fallen race; for the natural tendency of loving the world, or the things which are in the world, is to contract the soul down to their own dimensions; and this is the only way by which the "aching void within" can be satisfied. But he who loves the "One altogether lovely," finds at once a full supply for the most capacious soul, and a supply which an endless expansion cannot exhaust!

He who loves—admires the character of the Savior, then, loves not only a lovelier object, but he loves *more* than does the man, the might of whose affections is placed on things of earth. And can it be that any are at a loss to know whether they love this Savior? whether he is to them the "one altogether lovely," or whether "there is no beauty in him, that they should desire him?"—who sigh, and sing,

"'Tis a point I long to know;
Oft it causes anxious thought:
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

Surely it is not difficult to tell on what the heart is set. Have you an earthly friend you dearly love? You often think of that friend; and nothing but a decline of love would long exclude that friend from your mind. Have you the like evidence that you love Christ? You take more pleasure in gratifying the known wishes of the friend you love than in simply gratifying yourself. Do you delight in the law of the Lord? Next to a personal interview with your friend, you love to peruse his written correspondence. Do you say, with the Psalmist, "How precious are thy thoughts unto me?" and is the word of the Lord sweeter than honey, so that you delight in its daily perusal?

Finally, how estranged must that heart be which loves not the lovely Savior! It is exposed to the awful malediction of the apostle, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be anathema maranatha."

"This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this *want of love*."

—
"He who gazes long at the sun," says Dr. Payson, "becomes unsusceptible of impressions from inferior luminaries; and he who looks much at the Sun of righteousness, will be little affected by any alluring object which the world can exhibit."

CHILD OF THE WEST.

BY BISHOP MORRIS.

THE west is my native land. I love her for the vastness of her territory, her long rivers, capacious lakes, and extensive prairies. I love her for her lofty elevations and fertile valleys, her enterprising population and valuable productions. I love her for her cities and wastes, her schools and churches, her great men and great women, her hopeful youth and numerous children. That section of the United States is attracting the attention of all the civilized world, especially of the more enterprising portions. She exhibits much to interest the eye and stir the deep feelings of the heart. Among her native inhabitants is one of the most interesting characters of the nineteenth century—I mean the Child of the West, born in the Queen City, January, 1841. She is well grown for one of her age, but betrays nothing gawkish in her appearance, or confused in her manner. Her physical development and mental improvement are in advance of her years. She never engages in childish gambols like her neighbors' children, and has no relish for gew-gaws, but dresses with neatness and good taste, changing her vesture as circumstances require, but not blindly following in the train of fashion. The ground of her vestal robe is a snow white, variegated with a small dark figure, and trimmed with the most delicate hues of pink and straw. Her head-dress, curiously wrought, is grave, but beautiful, and varies to suit the season; now figured over with landscapes of cottages and herds, flowers and evergreens, and then ornamented with cascades and mountain scenery, and again with some monument of moral sublimity. Her form is a perfect model of symmetry, and her personal beauty at once striking and attractive. Her prudent demeanor and amiable disposition indicate maturity of all the moral virtues. She never betrays any ill temper or envious feeling, never participates in any exciting or angry dispute respecting political or ecclesiastical affairs, but is always frank, to express her own well-formed opinion on every subject properly pertaining to her sex, age, and relation in life. Her mental capacity is confessedly of high order; and, though not ten years old, she is a ripe scholar. In all the substantial branches of education, she is above criticism. No mistake in orthography, syntax, or even punctuation, can be detected in her ordinary compositions. Her memory is richly stored from the best ancient and modern authors, and her fancy highly embellished with brilliant poetry. Her summaries of history and biography have been eagerly read by thousands of the literati. Her mind is thoroughly instructed in the natural and moral sciences, and her reasoning faculty well developed by exercise in logical investigation. As to her belles-lettres accomplishments, they are unsurpassed by any of her age in the United States. She is a most agreeable companion in social life, and a general favorite

among all the better classes of society having any acquaintance with her, especially such as have the advantage of a polite Christian education. Her friends are numerous and rapidly increasing. She has already very many admirers anxiously seeking her society in person or by correspondence. The choicest trait in her character is her piety. Though not a bigot, she is orthodox and firm in her religious principles, and lays all her brilliant attainments and commanding capabilities at the foot of the cross of Christ, thus teaching the fallen race of man "the path of life" by the force of example. I write the more confidently of this remarkable child, having known her from infancy. Indeed, her parents consulted me respecting her name and early education, being myself a personal friend of all her principal teachers. The name first suggested for her was, "Ladies' Monitor," but she was finally christened "Ladies' Repository." Child of the West, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!"

THE BLIND CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. I. K. M'CREA.

In the winter of 18—, while riding — circuit, I one day rode out to fill an appointment in a small school-house. The society was weak in point of numbers, but strong in grace. I had just seated myself by the side of a rude stand-table, when an elderly couple entered the door. The female, and younger of the two, had evidently, from the expression of her care-worn countenance, passed through severe affliction. She led by the hand her husband, who was eighty years of age, and, as I soon perceived, entirely blind. His whitened locks and feeble step, while he tottered along upon his staff, plainly said that the frail tenement would soon release its captive spirit, and perish in the tomb.

After a short discourse from Hebrews iv, 9, during which the speaker's heart was warmed up with love divine, we commenced the ever-pleasing duty of leading class, where Jesus seems to whisper, "Lo, I am with you." Several told, in strains of melting eloquence, of the goodness of God, when we approached the "blind Christian," who was sitting in one corner of the room praising God in a subdued tone of voice, and asked him to tell how he fared while on his pilgrimage. The big tears of joy chased each other down his withered cheeks; and, turning his sightless eyes toward heaven, he said, "For sixty years I have been a member of the Methodist Church, and striving to make my way to glory. I have passed through many deep waters; but, thank God, I can this day testify that his grace has been sufficient for me; for my head is still above the waves. Some years ago, while clearing a piece of ground to support my family, a small root flew up and cut one of my eyes open. Shortly after, the

other went out, and now I am blind of both. For several months I lay upon my bed, almost distract-ed with pain, not knowing for what cause my affliction was so severe. At times, I wept, and mourned, and wished myself in the grave; and then I tried to rest contented with my lot, but all in vain; the religion that once filled my soul with such rapture now seemed to have lost all its consolation. At length, one day my mind grew tranquil, and I asked myself this question, 'Is it not sinful in me to so bitterly complain, when the agony that Jesus bore was more than I have ever felt?' At this I fancied I saw him bleeding on the tree, and heard him say, 'The servant is not greater than his Master.' Every cloud was then dispelled. I resolved to re-pine no more, but rejoiced 'with joy unspeakable, and full of glory.' I have praised God daily ever since, and feel now more than tongue can express. I cannot see you now, my brethren, but, if faithful, I expect soon to get to that land where there shall be no blind eyes—where we shall all see Jesus, and gaze for ever on his glory." When the old man uttered the last words, we joined in singing with animation,

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more," &c.

We all enjoyed a season of unusual "refreshing from the presence of the Lord," and felt more determined than ever before to "prove faithful unto death."

When tossed to and fro upon this world of tribulation, I have often looked back to that class-room, and repeated to myself the blind man's experience, and in so doing have always received great consolation. We often imagine that our lot is more grievous than that of any other, and even sometimes give way to the thought that the religion of Christ cannot reach our condition; but how weak must this appear when there are, perhaps, thousands worse off, and when the word of God expressly says, "My grace is sufficient for you!" We may ask, What is religion for, if its power to console must all cease in the hour of greatest need? Does our heavenly Father intend to mock us with false promises, and leave us, in the dark hour of peril, to be laughed at by our enemies? No, blessed be his name, we may ever say, in the beautiful language of Sir John Moore,

"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Let the sufferer, then, look up to Jesus, and in calm resignation resolve to suffer on, ever remembering that "our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Circumstances need exert but little if any influence upon our enjoyment, if the heart is pure and holy; but, like Paul and Silas, while their feet were fast in the stocks at the hour of midnight, so may we, in every condition, "pray and sing praises unto God." The future may be wrapped in gloom, and the present be full of suffering and of pain; but let us ever bear in mind that we serve a God who is

"too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." What to us appears mysterious now, will, if we "have faith in God," be clearly revealed amidst the undimmed light of heaven.

"His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

SHORT SERMONS FROM THE POETS.

—
NUMBER IV.
—

BY WILLIAM BAXTER.

"Hail, holy Light, offspring of heaven, first-born,
Or of the eternal coeternal beam,
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite."

MILTON.

HALLOWED light! pure emanation of Deity! first-born of that powerful fiat which ushered into being creation's marvels! of all the works of God, there is none more beautiful than thou. Before thee was confusion, chaos, and changeless night, and not till thy coming had beauty and order their birth. From the throne of God thou didst come flashing down. Thou hast gladdened the eyes and hearts of countless millions of our race; and though music be sweet, and sweet wafted odors grateful, the world of sounds and perfumes speak not through the sense to the soul like thee.

Deriving, as we do, such manifold sensations of delight through the eye, sight becomes incomparably dearer than any other sense beside; hence, to become blind—to be shut out from the pleasant sunshine—from all that is lovely, grand, or sublime in nature—from the bright heavens, the verdant earth, the changes of the varied year, and the dear faces of those we love—must, indeed, be the severest lot that can fall to the portion of humanity. Such, at least, was the opinion of the sightless Christian bard, who has furnished our text—who, while memory was busy with the past, presenting to the inward eye bright images of external nature, exclaimed in most melancholy strain:

"Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me."

And, indeed, from our own experience, every one of us can say, "Truly, light is sweet." How pleasant is light in the dawning morn, when the shades of

night, like fearful warriors, flee, and from the glowing, empurpled east, dart the swift arrows of the light!

We hail with joy the first intimations of day's approach. We mark the first faint streakings, scarcely distinguishable from the mountain mists; then the gradual brightening of the portals of the day; a few bright beams, like glancing spears, shoot upward; soon the whole heavens glow with a more glorious dye, and the sun bursts forth in a flood of golden light, giving joy and beauty to all terrestrial things. Man rises up to worship; the groves are vocal with ten thousand strains of God-taught melody; earth seems as if wakened from a deep and deathlike slumber, and all her tribes bless the welcome return of light. Indeed, so universal is this feeling of gladness, that morning is always spoken of as the season of praise and glad rejoicing—evening as that of chastened feeling and meditation—song and exultation for bright day's return, pensive thought and regret for its calm decline.

But how are our souls subdued when clouds overspread the sky, and darkness reigns at noonday! The lightning's glare serves but to render the gloom more intense, and the wild howling of the storm, as it sweeps by in wrath, fills the mind with terror, and causes us to bow in silence at these dread exhibitions of power. But the storm subsides, the winds are hushed, the clouds disperse, and the signet of Jehovah is placed on the dark brow of the storm—a pledge to the awe-stricken world, that the clouds shall not pour forth more than their accustomed tribute, and that God will ever be mindful of his ancient covenant. Every leaf, and every blade of grass, now glitters with liquid pearls; for light has again visited the world, and caused the earth to smile.

But light hath holier teachings than when seen in the glow of morning or evening's dyes; it is the emblem of purity. God is enthroned in light, and is represented, by the bard of Israel, as being clothed with light as with a garment; the Redeemer is the Sun of righteousness, whose life-giving rays dispel the gloom of guilt and ignorance; the apostles of his choice, though lesser luminaries, are lights of the world; and the holy volume, which makes known the story of creation and redemption, is a light to our feet, and a guide to our path. Let us rest our souls on its saving truths, make its precious promises our own, walk diligently in the path it points out, and it will lead to the great Father of lights, in whom there is no variableness or shadow of turning.

THE BIBLE.

THIS lamp, from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy brought down, and in the night of time
Stands, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And ever more beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY MISS S. H. B.

SWEET Sabbath evening, thou
Hast gentle musings brought,
And gathered 'round my brow
A veil of holy thought.

I cannot see thee go,
Nor shed the silent tear;
Thy parting steps, tho' low,
Steal sadly on my ear.

The western gates of light
Have shut their glories in,
And twilight shades of night
Glide near me darkly dim.

The stars are waking in the sky;
The moon's still beauties teem;
Her cold, pale beams, how sweet they lie
On this enchanting scene!

This is the hour to pray—
To think of heavenly love—
To call each wayward thought away,
And place on things above—

To think upon the hour
When life must fade away,
E'en as the cherished flower
Dies at the close of day.

MY HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

BY F.

"The groves were God's first temples."—BRYANT.

COULD I but rear a temple,
Where men should meet to pray,
'Twould not be in the city,
Where Mammon holds her sway.

No pomp, no gilded carvings,
Should meet the idler's gaze—
No organ's note should mingle
With songs of human praise.

No gold nor silver baubles
Should ever glitter there;
For meekness and humility
Should fill the house of prayer.

Within the mart of fashion,
Among the vain and gay,
The poor are oft excluded
When wealth goes up to pray.

A rock should be my pulpit,
A grove should be my fane,
And mid its quiet beauty
We'd praise the Savior's name.

LETTERS TO SCHOOL-GIRLS.

—
NUMBER I.—
BY REV. J. M'D. MATHEWS.—
READING.

YOUNG LADIES.—As the number of female schools is continually increasing in our country, the advantages of a good education are extended to a much larger number of girls than formerly. Many that enjoy such advantages are, no doubt, readers of the Ladies' Repository. Allow me, therefore, hoping to do you some good, to address you an occasional letter, in a plain way, about matters which, I trust, may not be uninteresting to you.

It is said that "three of the most difficult things in the world are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to improve our leisure time." The last is certainly not the least difficult. Most persons would be astonished to find how large a portion of their time passes without improvement. You, perhaps, spend six hours each day in school, and may be required to study two hours out of school; and, if you allow eight hours for sleep, you will still have eight hours each day for meals, and exercise, and recreation. How do you spend these hours? Did you suppose that so much of your time passed without employment? Could you not devote one or two hours each day to some useful reading, and still leave sufficient time for exercise and other employments? You have no idea how much can be done in a single hour each day until you try it. You could, in three months, read through "Ferdinand and Isabella," and "Robertson's Charles V," or you could, in the same time, read nearly all "Rollin's Ancient History." How much better would this be than to waste your leisure moments in absolute idleness, or in talking on frivolous and useless subjects!

Do you inquire what you shall read? You may be improved by reading history, biography, travels, or poetry. If you once acquire a taste for such reading, you will find it quite as interesting as novel reading, and vastly more profitable. You will be conscious that you are making additions to your stock of knowledge, and strengthening your mental faculties. You may read bushels of novels, and find them all chaff, with scarcely a grain of wheat in all. Your mental powers, moreover, will be weakened, and your taste perverted, so that all useful reading will appear dry and tiresome.

If you will make a proper trial of history, you will be surprised how soon you will find it interesting. I would not have you to begin with such a work as "Hume's History of England," and attempt to read it regularly through. This, of course, would tire you. Pycroft, in his "Course of Reading," recommends that you should first study some short outline of history, such as "Miss Robins' English History," "Goodrich's United States," and the histories commonly used as school books.

These should be well studied, to impress on the

memory a general view of the subject. In studying these, unless you have a very dull mind, you will feel some curiosity to know more about particular persons and periods. You should then get a larger work, and turn to the particular subject that interests you, and gratify your curiosity. Do you wish to know more about Columbus than you find in your school book? Read "Irving's Life of Columbus." Or of Isabella, who pledged her jewels to enable Columbus to make his great discovery? Get "Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella," and you will find it more interesting than any novel. Would you like to know something more of the Greeks, or Alexander the Great, or Hannibal, than you find in your small history? Turn to these subjects in "Rollin," or read "Plutarch's Lives" of these men, and you may soon be gratified. In this way you will always be reading what is interesting to you.

In reading history you may begin with any country or period that interests you most. Your curiosity will soon be excited to read of other countries and other times; and, after awhile, you will be a good historian and an intelligent young lady. Suppose you begin with "Ferdinand and Isabella," you will find that the Emperor Charles Fifth was their grandson, and at once you feel a curiosity to read his life. Here kings, and queens, and important events will be mentioned in such a way as to excite your curiosity to read still other books. Or if you were to begin with "Abbott's Life of Mary, Queen of Scots," which I know every school-girl would be delighted to read, you would immediately want to read the "Life of Queen Elizabeth," and then the "History of the Reformation," and so on from one thing to another. The more you read the more you will want to read, until you will find history and biography so interesting that you will have no time for novels.

Biography, while it gives you many interesting particulars about individuals, often gives you, also, much important history. Thus, in the "Life of Washington," you have the history of the Revolutionary war, in the "Life of Napoleon," the history of Europe for twenty-five years, and in "Plutarch's Lives," the most interesting parts of Grecian and Roman history.

You will, also, find books of travel interesting and profitable. Fisk, Durbin, Stephens, and others, will tell you much that will please you about the customs and manners of the different nations through which they passed. When you read history or travels, you should always have, before you, a map of the country about which you read, so that you can look at once for all the places mentioned as you go along. You cannot remember much of what you read, unless you look for the places. If you are even tolerably well acquainted with geography, it will keep it always fresh in your mind to use an atlas always in reading history.

You should, also, endeavor to remember the dates and learn the chronology. You cannot, it is true, remember the date of every event, but you can

easily learn the most important; and that will help you to remember the rest. You can remember, for instance, that Solomon lived about a thousand years before Christ, and that Columbus discovered America in A. D. 1492, and, when you read of things that occurred near these periods, by referring them to these. Mrs. Sigourney says, "History should be read with constant reference to geography and chronology. A fine writer has called these the 'eyes of history.' They are the grappling irons by which it adheres to the memory."

You will, also, be interested in reading some poetry; but you should be careful to select the best. Milton, Cowper, Young, Pollok, Montgomery, Goldsmith, and Campbell, are all good; and many others might be added to the list. There are selections from the best British and American poets, with biographical sketches of the authors, which will be the best works to read. These volumes contain the very cream of English poetry, the richest and best part of each author's works, which will be as much as it is desirable to read. But I would not advise you to read these large volumes regularly through. Let curiosity lead you here, as in reading history. Did you lately hear some one praising "Goldsmith's Deserted Village" as a beautiful poem, or speaking highly of "Campbell's Pleasures of Hope?" Get the "British Poets," and read those poems and the sketches of the authors' lives. In the same way, you may consult "Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature" for specimens of the prose and poetry of the best writers in the language.

So much, young ladies, for reading. But if you would reap the full benefit of your reading, you must converse about what you read. You must read to be well informed, and talk to learn how to make use of your information. Mrs. Sigourney recommends, that those engaged in reading history should form little societies, to meet once a week, and talk over what they read. Three or four young ladies she thinks an agreeable and profitable number. Dr. Watts advises that you should always talk over what you read, if you can find any one that will listen to you; and whether they will listen or not, he insists you should still talk it over. If it does them no good, it will serve to impress what you read on your own mind.

This course will improve your conversational powers, as well as aid you in remembering the history. It is one thing to acquire knowledge; it is quite another to be able to communicate our ideas. Many persons, though well informed on various subjects, have, nevertheless, great difficulty in making use of what they know in conversation. When you talk about what you read, you are clothing your thoughts in language; and the oftener you do so, the more easy it will become. As there is scarcely any accomplishment more desirable for a young lady than good conversational powers, I trust you will form little societies, and frequently talk over with each other the substance of your reading.

You will, also, find it very useful to write about what you read. In your letters to your young friends, tell them what books you are reading, and give them the substance of their contents. Young people sometimes complain that they do not know what to write. If you will be diligent in reading, you will be furnished with ideas, which you can clothe in your own language. This remark will apply to your compositions, as well as your correspondence. The more you read, the more easy you will find it to write. As the Jews found it hard to make brick without straw, so does a school-girl find it difficult to write compositions without ideas. Improve, then, all your leisure moments in useful reading, and you will soon be able to converse without embarrassment, and to write without difficulty.

Another advantage to be derived from reading and intelligent conversation, is the happiness it will diffuse in the family circle. If brothers, and sisters, and parents, will meet around the cheerful fire, and talk over the poetry or the travels they have read, the lives of individuals, or the history of nations, it will open up a new source of enjoyment. If young ladies could interest their brothers in some plan of this kind, and induce them to spend their evenings at home, instead of running about the streets, we should have fewer "bad boys" in our cities and villages.

Before I close this letter, I must not omit to mention, that there is one book, containing the most ancient and important history, the most interesting biography, the most touching and beautiful poetry, which you must not neglect to read and study: this is the Bible—the book of God. It tells of our ruin and our redemption, of our depravity and of the "fountain opened for sin and uncleanness." You should read one or two chapters every day in the Bible, and carefully study some portion of it every week for the Sunday school. And as you read and study, you should pray to God to enable you to understand its meaning and practice its precepts. Miss Elizabeth Carter, a pious and learned English lady, read two chapters in the Bible, and, also, a sermon by some good author, every morning before breakfast.

If my young friends should be interested in this communication, they may perhaps hear from me again in the course of a month or two.

ONE TALENT.

THERE is great truth in the following words of Clarendon:

"Few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be, therefore, incapable of doing hurt. There is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he sets his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness."

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

—
MAY, 1849.

THE SHOULDER-KNOT.

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CHAPTER X.

MORE WITNESSES.

THE court of Paris was in great commotion. An uncertain, undefined, yet all-absorbing suspicion of the character of Anne of Austria had newly risen up in the mind of Louis, from the recent events at the French capital. The artful Mary, the mother of Louis, was plying all her powers to rouse the vengeance of her weak-minded and jealous son. Richelieu, with a fertility of plan and a depth of malice never surpassed, was encompassing earth and heaven to revenge himself on the too virtuous Queen. The King himself, always open to jealousy, too prejudiced to understand the true bearing of events, and ever ready to find fault with his meek and submissive wife, gave himself up to the representations and designs of the Cardinal with a willingness never paralleled before. It seemed as if the day of her destruction had now dawned.

Late on the second night after the examination of honest Sampson, when the King had retired to his sleeping-room, to brood over the evil suspicions of his heart, Richelieu glided into the apartment, with scarcely a signal to notify his coming. Louis, however, was accustomed to this familiarity in his favorite, and welcomed him with a complacent smile; but the smile on the lips of the minister was one of triumph, mingled with a look of malice, which he strove to cover under the aspect of concern.

"You are late to-night, your Grace," said Louis, rising to embrace the Cardinal; "your duties have been onerous and important. You have my gratitude for your care. Louis would make but a sorry monarch without such a tireless friend."

"May it please your Majesty," replied Richelieu, dissembling what he felt at heart, "Cæsar himself were not fit to be a minister to such a gracious King. My deeds are but the echo of your own; and when that echo ceases to render true responses, may it dissipate and die in the thin air!"

"Nay, if such a thing be possible, it shall be an immortal echo, repeating itself for ever, when the voice that you say created it has perished from the world. But tell me, your Grace, how the strict inquisition has found a close."

"Paris, Sire," said the minister, taking a low seat by the expiring faggots on the royal hearth, "Paris has been searched as with a lighted candle for the twenty-four hours last gone. Our secretary qualifies himself that they were Englishmen. Lord Herbert, the English ambassador, has been adroitly sounded, and, by his negatives, and periods, and positive slips of the tongue, doubly assures us of the same. Garrulous old men, and even women, who would pry secrets from a dead man, have been sent out upon the highways to idle and gossip with the multitude, and thus draw this mystery to a head. Couriers, dispatched to Calais and other points on the hither coast, are this moment ferreting out those who have taken bribes, or flying back to Paris with the fruits of their energy and speed. Not a leaf, Sire, in all this capital, lies where it did. The very pebbles under foot have been taken up and questioned of this thing."

The secret must come out; for monarchs are never safe, when riddles are left lurking about them unresolved."

"Thank you, most profoundly, good my lord Cardinal, for your unwearyed love. But how do your suspicions shadow forth the conclusion of all this search?"

"Nay, may it please your most noble Majesty, let us have no suspicions to outrun and falsify the evidence of facts. Justice to the innocent, or innocence in the work of justice—if it come to that—requires all openness, and candor, and impartiality at our hands. If she be guiltless—which may Heaven grant!—let her have all the sweet advantage of our charities. If she be proved faulty—which may that same Heaven forbid!—let us yield not our beliefs, till honor and patriotism demand it of us as a duty. This, Sire, is at least the answer of my heart, whatever the head might dictate, if left to the cold calculations of uncharitable prudence."

"How often has your Grace admonished me of my duty! Guilt and innocence are equally safe with him who spares no effort to demonstrate and punish the one, or to prove and protect the other! Every thing, henceforth, shall follow thy counsels. How, then, shall Louis bear himself in these calamities?"

"Like himself—a noble, magnanimous, impartial monarch! Let him wait to hear the reports of our several messengers; and if they solve not this difficulty to his perfect satisfaction, there is one other measure, which can scarcely fail to meet our purposes."

"But when shall we see these messengers?"

"To-night."

"We will wait for them, and gather wisdom from their responses."

"May it please you, Sire, I must walk to the palace gate. The guard may have forgotten my strict orders to admit the returned couriers, however contrary to law and custom, at whatsoever time they may make their arrival. I will go and return promptly."

The Cardinal, having thus fully prepared, for the thousandth time, the weak and shallow mind of Louis to throw itself implicitly into the hands of the artful minister, left him for a season to his own reflections, which, he knew, would be sure to rouse his jealousies to their full life and action. This was the real motive of his retiring; though his restless spirit could never get a moment's quiet, when threading the intricate mazes of his many intrigues of malice or ambition. Between one step and another, until his work was done, he could never suffer the intermission of an instant. In a few moments, however, the Cardinal, followed by a courier, returned to the royal bedchamber, where he found the King bending over the hearth, and stirring the dying embers with profound thoughtfulness.

"Ha! they have come," said Louis, pushing his chair back suddenly.

"Only one of them, Sire. He comes from Calais."

"What news does he offer us?"

"That two Englishmen, dressed like traveling monks, had landed there but five nights since, whom an old woman, who had been a linen draper in London, in other years, saw and recognized."

"As whom?"

"As noblemen whom she had seen at the English capital."

"Could she say aught more of them?"

"Nothing farther."

"Then this man's labor adds nothing to our information."

"But much to our certainty."

"True—but who comes there? Ay, it is another of thy trusty messengers. What news, my man?"

"Two noble Englishmen, may it favor your gracious Majesty," replied the courier, "have landed at Calais, made their way safely to this capital, spent two days and a night at court, and are now speeding their way westward. This is all that the winds, or the waves, or the sands those intruders walked upon, have responded to our importunities."

"Have been at court?"

"At court, Sire, for thus far has our hard diligence plainly tracked them."

"In what character came they to our royal mansion?"

"I can say nothing. My knowledge has nothing more concerning them."

"But mark that, your most Christian Majesty," said Richelieu interposing, "they were at court. So far have we now proceeded. They were at court, Sire, two days and *a night*. Listen, now, to this paper, just given me at the gate. It will tell its own tale:

"*To the Cardinal-Duke de Richelieu, Premier, etc.*—In compliance with my duty, and with your gracious request, made known to me by your messenger this evening, I have the honor to state, that two monks, strangers, foreigners I thought, though their French was nearly perfect, with a little fullness of pronunciation like the English, on the morning of the great court festival, called at my stall, situated in an obscure part of the Rue de St. Honore, and purchased two suits of mask apparel, without dropping any hints as to their purposes. The suits were those of a German troubadour, or minnesinger, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. I have nothing more.

"In submission, etc., most obediently your servant,

'M. DELASSIER.'

"Mark, now," continued the Cardinal, "the steps thus far proven. They are Englishmen; they have been traced from the sea-shore to Paris; they purchased masks at a clothier's; in the disguise of German minstrels they attended our late festival. We have only to learn with what intrigues, either of love, or war, they came hither, and whose heart, unfriendly to the weal of France, they may have fathomed and corrupted. Such is the fruit of this day's business; and here we will let all drop, if thou, Sire, thinkest thyself safe in such a mesh of treasonable appearances. Perhaps we would do well to halt, ere some foot is seen to be ensnared, which we would feel but ill-inclined to implicate."

"Nay, Cardinal, thy heart must not now give too much scope to its deepest instinct—mercy. Thy nature is all too gentle. This business must be carried through, though the King himself be called to spill his blood for it. If thy generous nature lacks the gift of sternness, to qualify thee for this rough business, take it from my positive injunctions. I command thee to complete this scrutiny; and this ring, which I now put upon thy finger, shall, like a talisman, open all doors, locks, bolts, bars, throughout my dominions, and make thee Louis, till thy work is over. Go and hasten!"

Richelieu bowed a meek submission, and retired from the royal presence, quite satisfied with the success of his messengers, and elated with the new ascendancy he had gained by his dissimulation over the feeble monarch. He now felt that the humiliation of the Queen was certain.

CHAPTER XI.

PLOTS AND PLANS.

There were only two things lacking to complete the ambition of the Cardinal. He had discovered the nationality of the strangers; he had tracked them into the French capital, and even into the royal palace; he had obtained evidence of their departure and their destination. It only remained to inquire who they were, and on what errand they had visited the residence of his master. If, in any way, he could connect their coming, or stay, with Anne of Austria, and thus ruin her in the eyes of Louis and of all Frenchmen, his dark heart would be fully satisfied; and this he confidently expected, after this good beginning, he would be able to accomplish; for he had not forgotten the blushes, that mounted upon the cheeks of Anne and of the beautiful Duchess, when the billet was read on the examination of honest Sampson.

"Yes," said the Cardinal, soliloquizing, as he walked from the King's bedchamber to his own apartment, "yes, I see the end, and the way to it. They were here. They mixed in our masquerade at the festival. They wore the apparel of German song-singers. This is an unusual habit, even for such occasions, and must have arrested some one's attention. Who would be as likely to notice peculiarities of dress as a woman; and what woman as much alive to strange appearances, as the keen-eyed, jealous, watchful queen-mother? Ay, if they were marked at all, it was by the restless and penetrating glance of Mary. This night, nay, this moment, I must see her; and thou, Anne, sleep on in quiet, so long as thy peace remaineth, while the tempest gathers that shall break with sudden fury on thee!"

The Cardinal entered his private parlor with a quick, resolute step, where, to his amazement, he beheld the queen-mother, the sleepless Mary, with a single attendant, waiting for him. Having pried into the operations of Richelieu, and, in spite of his duplicity, caught the drift of his real purposes, she could not sleep till she should know them from his own lips more perfectly; and the time had also come, as we have seen, when he, too, wished to make her the confident and counselor of his intentions. He had not before given her a glimpse of his foul undertaking; for, though entirely with him in her hatred of the Queen, he could not trust so fiery a spirit in the incipient stages of a deep and intricate movement.

"Ha! is it possible, my dear madam, that I have the pleasure, so unexpected, of greeting thee at so unnatural a season? What has disturbed thy slumbers, madam?"

"Such a thing as slumber, Mr. Cardinal, I have not seen to-night; and I have come to seek an opiate to my troubled bosom."

"Most willingly, gracious madam, would I pluck the thorns from out thy nightily pillow, had I the hand to do it. Sleep, gentle goddess, that seals the eyes of vulgar toil in deep oblivious slumber, flies, like a fearful thing, the couch of majesty. Pale Thought, all tremulous with nervous action, with his head hot from books or business, and with a restless fancy, flitting, like the boreal rays, through the whole hemisphere of existence, lies ruminating; while lusty Ignorance, lost as soon as ever he drops upon his pillow, instantly forgets a world, in which he has no great stake, and sounds a sonorous requiem to his shallow or unheeded sorrows. But tell me, madam, why sleepest thou not?"

"For the same that thou, good Cardinal, art not now buried in the down of cygnets."

"What reason, may it please you, madam? for I am dull to-night, in the loss of needed rest."

"Dull enough, Cardinal, if thou thinkest to hide from the mother of my Louis what most concerns her. Am I a parrot, or a vulgar jack-daw, Mr. Cardinal, that thou shouldst fear to share with me this mystery? Am I not Mary, the wife, the mother, the sister, and the daughter of kings? Am I to be trampled under foot, like a broken vessel, by him who once breathed only because I deigned to look upon him? Mark me, Richelieu, I am the offspring of the Medicis, the widow of the great Henry; and remember that thou didst from my hand lap, like a small dog, the nourishment that maketh thee the huge monster thou hast grown to be. Remember, I repeat, that my name is Mary!"

"Nay, good madam, gracious and gentle mother of my lord, deal not so sternly with thy true servant. Here I do kneel before thee, and, with this uplifted hand, do assever, that, according to the hasty nature of this business, it did not, till this moment, admit of counsel, when, as I do live, I was on the point of sending to thee, soliciting thy attendance. Had those walls a tongue, madam, they would tell thee so."

"Make them vocal, then, and I will believe it. Mary knows thee, Mr. Cardinal, and thou knowest Mary. But, hush! rise and tell me all, without reserve, so thou dost wish forgiveness."

The wily Cardinal arose with meekness. He had not knelt out of any fear of the queen-mother; for the King was entirely at his own disposal; but Mary, the proudest, haughtiest, and most passionate woman of her age, must be in some way pacified; and Richelieu, as we have seen so often, could soar or sink to any thing, which might further his ambitious purposes. The queen-mother, satisfied with his show of submissiveness, relaxed speedily into her softest mood, and turned a pleased ear to the tale which he began to unfold to her. With the utmost minuteness he told her every circumstance, from the commencement, but garnished the whole narrative with those colors which, he knew, would make the picture more agreeable to the revengeful heart of his fair auditor. When the Cardinal had concluded, Mary, raising and letting fall her hand with emphasis, gave characteristic utterance to her opinion. "Now," said she, "now is the time to crush her!"

"True enough, madam, it is a fit opportunity to lessen the evil of her influence over the King, and in these his royal dominions; but there is an unscaled barrier between our purpose and its completion."

"Lessen! say not lessen, but annihilate, good Mr. Cardinal. Thou art lost in too much mildness; but what is that mountain which you so discouragingly mention?"

"We have not shown, by trusty evidence, what connection there was between the strangers and the Queen, at the late festival; nor do I yet see how the proof is to be wrung from the few circumstances I have given you."

"Thou art dull enough, good Cardinal, as thou sayest. Did not these eyes, which had no rest that night, till they spied out her identity—did not these eyes, I say, behold her issue from beneath a mimic mountain crag, whence, the next moment, the two German minstrels hastily and stealthily followed her? Was Mary asleep, good sir, in the full blaze of that night's opportunities? I am not the sloth, perchance, thou thinkest me."

"Yet, madam, thou wouldest not be willing, methinks, to attaint thy son's wife with treason, upon thy single evidence. It would seem most unwomanly."

"Tell me not, sir, what seems. I know the *seems* of mortals, and the *seams*, too, of this world, as well as thou, and how the affairs of life are stitched together by the cunning needle and thread of custom. Yet, tell me nothing, sir, that stands between this hand, and the deep, utter, and everlasting humiliation of that Austrian—*beauty!*"

"Nay, madam, suffer me to suggest, that moderation is the strength of counsel."

"Moderation! And is this the moderation thou advisest, that I, so long the butt of her mirth and arrogance, must now be as tame as a slave, when the time has come to thrust these talons into her? Talk not of moderation to me, sir!"

"But we must not run rashly upon the prerogative and passion of the King, madam. Anne is the wife of Louis, we must constantly remember."

"His prerogatives I understand, which, unless thou art false, thou hast now in thy possession; but what thou meanest by his passion needs comment to make it intelligible. Louis has no passion but hatred toward this Austrian."

"Is he not jealous of her? Does not that hatred, as thou callest it, take the form of jealousy?"

"And so it favors mightily our purpose."

"Ah, madam, thy haste doth blind thee, the keenest critic of human passions. Is not jealousy ever the fruit of love? Is a man jealous of her concerning whom he is indifferent? Do we not barely lothe whom we cannot love? Mark me, madam. There is love, however smothered, where there is jealousy; and that which metes the one is the measure of the other. At the bottom of the young King's heart, though he may not believe it, there lies a substratum of affection for this southern lady, or he would throw her from his remembrance as a piece of worthless copper; and if we are to prosper in this deep business, and run no risk of rousing that choked and suffocated passion, we must show that slowness that shall argue sound aversion to our work, and commend us, whether successful or unsuccessful, to his confidence."

"All as thou sayest, profound man; but I, as his mother, have a right to add, that he is weak in natural disposition, and will give us no great trouble in the final management of this undertaking."

"Again hast thou, madam, forgotten the lessons of human nature. Weakness is another name for fickleness; and should the wind so blow as to change the direction of his views and purposes, we might be doomed to rue the consequences. Weakness, too, when set in its own confidence, is obstinacy; and all the world cannot move a weak man, when the pride of personal importance is once up in him. A strong man, madam, is much easier for a stronger man to manage, and to keep *managed*, than a weak one."

"Thou art as deep as ever, Richelieu."

"In nothing deep, good madam. These are shallow things in our philosophy; but there is an art, which we must use in the sequel of these proceedings, which lies somewhat below the surface of common practice."

"Speak, for thou knowest the soul, as I know my prayer-book."

"The art, madam, of all government is submission. If a maid wishes to lead her lover, she must court his

prejudices and fancies. If a wife would rule her husband, she must worship his opinion, and ingraft every twig of her desire on some branch of his ambition. If a king would sway his subjects, he must openly bow to their smaller whims, that they may learn to applaud his condescension. Or, mark me, if a subject would control a king, events must be so contrived, and so laid upon his heart, that he may dream himself to be no less a master, when he is but the servant of another's will. A king is the incarnation of sovereignty, the representative of dominion, the personality of law; and he who so mistreats him, as to wound that conscious personality, in which all his glory lies, wherein he feels himself to be himself, commits a suicide upon his own dearest aims. He, though, who lives to please and serve his sovereign, or can make him think he does, will soon find that sovereign ruling only in his *pleasures*, while he leaves the *work* of royalty to his minister. Stroke a lion on his head, not pluck his beard, if thou wouldest have him lie, like a purring kitten, at thy feet. What thinkest thou, madam?"

"Thine?—that thou art the deepest, cunningest, plottingest man in France, governing the monarch of it by making him believe that thou art his slave. But how am I to apply all this to the work in hand?"

"Has not the Queen a servant?"

"The beautiful Duchess de Chevreuse."

"Is she not the confident of her mistress?"

"Too faithful, I fear, to serve our wishes."

"But she is ambitious, and loves promotion and display."

"Or, as I presume thou thinkest, she would not be a woman."

"If gold, or station, will not buy her, why, then, force can be employed, as a last resort."

"Why not as the first? I thirst for a most speedy vengeance on the pretty wench of Austria."

"But, by over-haste, the classic herald lost his breath, and could not tell his errand, when he had gained the race. Moderation, madam, I must repeat, is oftentimes the quickest speed; and we must vote what the King will willingly decree; for, if he needeth urging, our urgency will betray our interest in the stake, and so defeat us. We must work through the jealousy of Louis. He must be roused to a betrayed lover's madness. We must then seem to reason against his furiousness; but the arguments must be such sophisms as will the more enrage him. Then, if the deed prosper, we shall have the credit of being the ministers of the King's justice; but if it fail, and he, in his weakness, afterward relents, then we may turn round and say, 'Did I not tell thee so?'"

"O thou! wert thou not a priest, a Cardinal, the Pope's Holy Vicar, I should call thee, devil; for the Prince of Tartarus could never prove himself more like an angel in his foul plots and purposes. But tell me, if the Duchess rejects all bribes, what compulsions dost thou mediate?"

"First, those of honor."

"What after honor?"

"Those of fear."

"Then what?"

"There is nothing, madam, but pain."

"Would it were the first! But what pain? Of mind or body, Cardinal?"

"Honor and fear are the mental motives; when I speak of pain, I mean of body."

"Thou art a blessed Cardinal. Let it be pain of body. Put her to the torture. Screw her thumbs. Tie her wrists. Pinch and probe her flesh. Let her have full-Spanish treatment for her ardor to her half-Spanish mistress."

"The steel, madam, shall go to her soul, if she keep that a secret, of which our aims require a revelation. That I tell thee!"

"O good Cardinal, worshipful Duke de Richelieu, most noble man and minister! How my whole heart goes after thee in the utterance of that great intention! How could I now set this foot upon these beauties, and crush them, like noxious worms, into the dust beneath me! But I leave them to thy better skill and judgment."

"Trust me, madam—but, hark! I hear the cock's shrill signal-note of morning; and, see! through this open casement breaks the first faint blush of daylight. Aurora comes tripping over the distant hill-tops, scattering her pearls and dewy flowers upon the primrose paths of early risers; and the world, waking from its quiet slumbers, refreshed by balmy sleep, goes forth to honest labor. But go thou, madam, to thy short rest, and leave me to my tasks and undertakings."

"But when do we meet again?"

"This night at ten."

"Where?"

"In the King's apartment, where, so it please thee, we will ply his heart with skillful practice, till he commands us to do at once his bidding and our wishes." *More anon.*

PROCRASTINATION.

The following letter to one of his children exhibits Mr. Wilberforce in one of those characters in which he excelled most men:

"Battersea Rise, Sept. 14, 1814.

"MY VERY DEAR ——,—I do not relish the idea that you are the only one of my children who has not written to me during my absence, and that you should be the only one to whom I should not write. I therefore take up my pen, though but for a few moments, to assure you that I do not suspect your silence to have arisen from the want of affection for me, any more than that which I myself have hitherto observed has proceeded from this source. There is a certain demon called Procrastination, who inhabits a castle in the air at Sandgate, as well as at so many other places, and I suspect that you have been carried up some day (at the tail of your kite perhaps) and lodged in that same habitation, which has fine large rooms in it from which there are beautiful prospects in all directions; and probably you will not quit a dwelling-place that you like so well, till you hear that I am on my way to Sandgate. You will meet the to-morrow man there, (it just occurs to me,) and I hope you will have prevailed on him to tell you the remainder of that pleasant story, a part of which Miss Edgeworth has related, though I greatly fear he would still partake so far of the spirit of the place as to leave a part unclad till—to-morrow. But I am trifling sadly, since I am this morning unusually pressed for time: I will, therefore, only guard my dear boy seriously against procrastination, one of the most dangerous assailants of usefulness, and assure him that I am to-day, to-morrow, and always while I exist, his affectionate father.

W. WILBERFORCE."

THE WORLD IN MINIATURE.

HAVING, in former numbers, given very minute abstracts of the leading periodicals of England and the United States, we shall endeavor in this to present a more general view of a larger number. Most readers wish to know simply what these great works are discussing, and where articles on given topics may be found; and to meet this demand, it is not essential to go into a rigid analysis of each article. But we shall vary the method of treating these periodicals, from time to time, so as to give every class of readers a taste of what they would each have selected.

The WESTMINSTER REVIEW for January is extremely rich, presenting us with the following contents:

1. *Life of Channing*, a well-written review of Dr. Channing's Life, rather than of the Memoir which it professes to examine. All of the English Reviews, and several of the American, have recently given each a paper on this great rhetorician; most of these late articles appeared to have been made up by wholesale out of the earlier ones; but this in the Westminster is original, and the ablest of the eight or ten we have lately read on the same subject.

2. *Life and Works of John Keats*, brief but beautiful, offering a lofty tribute to the poet.

3. *The Distressed Needlewomen and Cheap Prison Labor*, is an argument in favor of allowing prisoners and paupers to manufacture and sell in competition with "outside," that is, ordinary laborers.

4. *Ancient Egypt*, a review of two works on the same subject, one by Geo. R. Gliddon, the other by Dr. Hengstenberg, of Berlin. It is very able, but almost unintelligible to those who have not read the works themselves, or the greater productions of Rosselini, Champollion, and Wilkinson. It shows fully, that we are not prepared to decide the great question of chronology between the several Pentateuchs, the Hebrew, the Samaritan, and the Septuagint, which differ so materially; but the reader is left with the impression that the world is very much older than the common chronology of Usher makes it. Above all, he is led more and more to reject all those *Miller theories*, if we may so call them, which have been so rife in modern times. Of all the humbugs of the world, that is the most foolish, unless it is also among the most deleterious, which professes to tell when the earth is coming to a conclusion. No man, or angel, knows any thing, or can discover any thing, about it; and for aught that can be proved from chronology, the world is as likely to stand as many ages as there are stars in heaven, as that it will close up its history sooner. All these theories come from persons too ignorant to understand the difficulty of the question with which they have so arrogantly meddled.

5. *The Irish Difficulty* is a continuation of the paper reported by us in a previous number.

6. *Greek and Modern Notation of Music* is one of the finest discussions of the subject we have ever seen. The writer speaks of notation by words, by figures, by letters, by syllables, and by notes. The Greeks used words. He thinks that the notation by figures—1, 2, 3, etc.—instead of musical notes, never can succeed, and quotes the attempt and failure of Rousseau to this effect, but still gives much praise to figured notation as the means of teaching the elements of music.

7. *The Great Sea-Serpent* is a serious argument in proof of the existence of this illustrious monster, though none of his bones have been treasured up by the College of Surgeons, or by the curators of the British Museum. Though the witnesses of his existence have been men who know but little of such words as *nematoneurous*, or *homogangliatous*, they have been at least two thousand in number, mostly practical seamen; and the writer is not inclined to set this down among their characteristic "fish-stories."

8. *Lessons of Revolutions* furnishes many good hints from the great revolutions of France, England, and the United States, but comes from one of those old-world writers, not one of whom knows the lessons he would pretend to teach. A man who can propose, as a proper business of government, the assurance of health and lives, insurance against fire, &c., must be classed among those French fanatics, who propose to

turn the nations of the earth into great manufacturing companies, or Organizations of Labor, bound to give man work enough to feed and clothe him. When will the *philosophers* of the old world learn, what the most *ignorant* of the new even now so clearly understand, that, so far as labor is concerned, all that a working-man needs or asks of government is, to be let alone? But the article is able, and treats of an important subject.

The number closes with several obituary notices of the deaths of contributors, and the usual amount of very critical literary notices.

The LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW for January, 1849, has been lying on our table for some time, waiting for its turn. It is very able. There is not one worthless paper in it, while several are of the very highest order.

1. *The London and Northwestern Railway* is the description of a trip along that celebrated line, accompanied by a great mass of facts respecting railway traveling, and concluded by an examination of the means by which this sort of travel can be made *safe and cheap*.

2. *Baron Werrenberg's Souvenirs and Pensées*. The Baron was special ambassador from Austria during the Belgic conferences of 1831 and 1832. The work here reviewed contains his *recollections* of Paris, Munich, Vienna, and Switzerland, and his *sentiments* concerning the Theory of Good, Experience, Man and Society, Regulations and Politics.

3. *The Duke of Argyll on Presbytery* is a high-toned but caustic review of a recent work of the Duke, in which he professes to assert and maintain the great, fundamental, characteristic principles of the Scottish Church. The reviewer shows pretty clearly, that, of all branches of Protestantism, the Presbyterian has been the most intolerant, and that the Scotch are the most intolerant of Presbyterians.

4. *Nineveh and its Remains* is a learned and interesting display of the recent discoveries among the remains of that ancient city. Austen Henry Layard, Esq., has written a great work on the subject, in which he has gathered together the principal fragments of knowledge we have of old Nineveh, and of its remaining monuments; and the review gives us a sort of *resume* of what Mr. Layard has accomplished.

5. *Vanity Fair and Jane Eyre* begins with a criticism of the two novels named, and closes with some excellent remarks relating to the improvement of the condition of *governesses*, or family female tutors.

6. *Austria and Germany* is a continuation of the discussion previously reported in this magazine, abounds with facts and figures, and is evidently opposed to the republican tendencies of the present German movement. It prophesies rather cloudily respecting the issue of the great Frankfort Assembly and its undertaking.

7. *Italian Intervention*. This article deplores the assassination of Count Rossi, the abuse offered the Pope, the bloody character of the Provisional Government, and the base immorality of the Italian people. It strikes an angry blow at the progress of liberalism in Italy, by accusing it of Socialism, Communism, and wickedness of almost every species.

8. *Public Instruction in France under M. Guizot*. This paper is a historical and critical examination of the subject stated; is filled with encomiums of Guizot; but opposes the idea, that England needs any such department or minister as that of Public Instruction.

9. *Castlereagh Papers* takes up the defense of his lordship against the detractions of Lord Brougham. It has no value in this country.

The EDINBURG REVIEW for January contains nine articles, each of which, with one or two exceptions, is worth more than the subscription for a year.

1. *The French Benedictines* displays the piety and learning of that ancient order, while in its purity, to great advantage, giving us the names of Benedict, Mabillon, and Boniface, to be added to those of Fenelon, Madam Adorna, and Madam Guyon, which even Popery has furnished to show the possibility of a good life in spite of a bad faith.

2. *The Progress of Mechanical Invention* is an elaborate review of the great successes and the splendid failures of

celebrated inventors, in all the departments of industry, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, even including war and discovery, from an early period to the latest times. It is full of interest.

3. *Charles Vernon* is the analysis of a recent English novel, in which, we trust, our readers would take no great interest, should we report it.

4. *The Diplomacy of Louis XIV and William III* is merely an exposition of the attempt of the French monarch to secure to himself the inheritance of the Spanish throne, and the ability by which the English king labored to baffle him.

5. *The Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Shore* is a statement of the question, whether a clergyman in the English Church, who renounces his profession, or is expelled from it, retains the character of a clergyman, so that, though any performance of clerical functions would be a sin in such clergyman, all acts done by him would be strictly binding. The Bishop of Exeter takes the affirmative, Mr. Shore the negative. One says, "Once a clergyman always a clergyman," very much as the Calvinists used to say, "Once a saint always a saint," and as the English government has always maintained, "Once a Briton always a Briton." The Papists, too, have their adage, "Once a Catholic always a Catholic." It is by this plea that civil and ecclesiastical persecutions against traitors and heretics, in monarchies and established Churches, have always proceeded; but we had hoped, that the day for such nonsense had gone over, until we read this singular discussion.

6. *The Saxons in England* is a highly complimentary and critical examination of two recent works on Saxon antiquities by J. M. Kemble, A. M., of England. It is altogether the ablest article in the number, though not the most entertaining to common readers.

7. *The Punjab* is an article on the recent history of a small belt of India lying between the Sutlej and the Indus, of great interest, no doubt, to English, but of scarcely any to American readers.

8. *Relief of Irish Distress* reads like one of Lord Brougham's political papers, though it does not carry out entirely his known opinions; but its general spirit, its detail of English legislation on the subject, its style of composition, its power, all mark it as one of his best efforts. We read it, however, too rapidly to be very confident in our opinion. We commend it to those interested in the Irish question.

9. *Biographical Notices of Lord Melbourne* is an attempt to give "the lights and shadows" of that nobleman's character. It turns out to be, however, a eulogy rather than a historical picture.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURG MAGAZINE for February appears with an attractive table of contents:

1. *Caucasus and the Cossacks*—a spirited eulogy of the martial bravery of the poor Circassians, whom all Russia, for the last twenty years, has endeavored to subjugate, but unsuccessfully.

2. *The Caxtons*—part tenth—which we have not read. It is part of a novel by Bulwer. The entire work, since its completion in Blackwood, has been republished by Derby & Co., Cincinnati, and is said to be interesting; but, as we did not take it from the beginning, we cannot report it. Our readers will suffer no great loss, we imagine.

3. *Statistical Accounts of Scotland*—which treats of the mode of making such accounts, rather than of their results. It is, hence, valuable for all latitudes and longitudes.

4. *The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art* is chiefly a treatment of the connection between Revelation and the Fine Arts. It is worthy of general perusal.

5. *American Thoughts on European Revolutions*, signed Ernest, professes to be a letter from a Boston gentleman to some friend in Europe, if not to the editor of Blackwood. We do not believe, however, that ever a word of it was written by an American; much less that the writer is a Bostonian; for it smacks all along of the true Tory spite against European emancipation. The whole letter is a farce, and a very shallow one; for he who can assert that the American Constitution is the legitimate offspring of the British, and that the British is the only model for the rest of Europe, is a Tory of the

deepest water. If there ever was such a Bostonian, we hope he is now on his way to Kamtskata.

6. *Dalmatia and Montenegro* is a sort of running commentary on a recent work by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, an interesting book of travels.

7. *Beattie's Life of Campbell* opens with a most laughable satire on biographical compositions of the Boswellian order, but proceeds directly with a sober and very just criticism of the great poet's life and productions. The writer puts Campbell high up among the bards of England, but not among the highest; and he states, what is worthy of being remembered, that Campbell wrote nothing after his thirtieth year which added or adds any thing to his reputation. On the contrary, Walter Scott, at thirty, had written nothing worthy of his after fame.

8. *The English Universities and their Reforms* begins with a hit against modern revolutions, and terminates with a tirade against certain reforms proposed to be carried into the English universities. Prince Albert, who recommends modern languages, mathematics, and some other practical studies, as suitable to make up the substance of a partial course, receives a slight reproof; and all these partially educated gentlemen, whom the regulars call *pols*, get it right and left.

9. *The Carlists in Catalonia* gives a stirring account of the activity of Cabrera in Eastern Spain on his return from his self-banishment. It throws much light on the movements of the opponents of Christina in their recent struggles. The article is quite liberal for Blackwood.

FRAZER'S MAGAZINE for February, 1849, brings us a rich treat of articles:

1. *The Manufacturing Poor*, an article on the means of elevating their condition, closing with some excellent remarks on education.

2. *The Jesuits and their Historian*, is a review of a recent work entitled, "History of the Jesuits from the Foundation of their Society to its Suppression by Pope Clement XIV," etc., by Andrew Steinmetz.

3. *The Golden Peninsula* is a vision, or a satire on avarice, looking piquantly toward California.

4. *The Self-Seer*—part II—which we cannot report, not having read Part I.

5. *Cœur de Lion*—a poem—by John Sterling, another satire, begun but not concluded.

6. *Loose Leaves from the Note-Book of a Schemer*—comical enough—hitting off modern humbugs with much spirit.

7. *A Modern Republican Tragedy* is a caustic review of Alexander Dumas' recent tragedy entitled "Cataline," which is the tragic representative of Socialism in its worst form.

8. *Sacred and Profane* gives a sharp thrust at the Hon. Baptist Noel.

9. *The Austro-Italian Question* is chiefly historical of late proceedings in Northern Italy, containing a suggestion, that a new and independent kingdom in that region, acknowledged by Austria, with one of her dukes for its sovereign, would be the best disposition to make of that democratic piece of country!

10. *Lamartine's Raphael* is a friendly criticism of the work in question.

11. *The Late Mr. Charles Buller* has no interest in this country.

12. *The Conservative Party* is a good paper, but not so fair as the picture of conservatism given by Mr. Macaulay.

13. *Current History, etc.*

This magazine is one of the best in Europe.

The NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for February has the following list, which we have not room particularly to criticise:

1. *The Socialist Party in France*—splendid.

2. *Chaucer*—critical and biographical—good.

3. *Niebuhr*—makes the historian the founder of a new school.

4. *Noel on Union of Church and State*—liberal.

5. *Macaulay's History of England*—eulogistic.

6. *Duke of Argyll on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*—controversial.

7. *Life and Letters of Thomas Campbell*—critical and entertaining.

8. *Prospects of the Session*—political and not interesting.

This number is, to us, the best ever issued.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMORIALS OF METHODISM. *By Rev. A. Stevens, A. M. Lane & Scott: 200 Mulberry-street, New York. 1849.*—Having before given an extended and favorable notice of this work, it is not necessary for us to say much now. When first noticed it was published by C. H. Pierce, of Boston. It is now published by the Methodist Book Concern at New York; and the present edition is done in better style, we think, than the first. The typographical errors, which so disfigured the first issue, have been, we understand, corrected. The work is deeply interesting. It is for sale by Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. *Edited by Stephen B. Wickens. Lane & Scott, New York, Publishers. 1849.*—It is too late in the day to write a eulogy on Bunyan's masterpiece. There may be, however, many persons, who are not aware that it is one of the most popular, entertaining, and useful books ever written. It is a fiction, founded, not on fact, but on truth, which is higher. It takes the form of allegory. It has been the means of salvation, we have no doubt, to thousands now in heaven. This is a beautiful edition of the work; and we hope our readers will all get it and read it. Swormstedt & Power, Cincinnati.

THE PATH OF LIFE; or, Sketches of the Way to Glory and Immortality. *By Rev. Daniel Wise. Lane & Scott: New York. 1849.*—This is a work of fourteen chapters on the most important topics. From the name of the book reader might imagine it to be rather mystical, or poetical, or sentimental in its character. It is none of these. It is highly practical. The topics are, religion a solemn subject—repentance—difficulties in the way of penitents—saving faith explained—the operations of faith illustrated—the witness of the Spirit—temptation—joining the Church—on the formation of religious habits—evil company—marriage—decision of character—holiness—apostasy. It is a very useful work; and we commend it heartily to our young readers.

THE CAUSES, EVILS, AND CURES OF HEART AND CHURCH DIVISIONS. *Extracted from the Works of Burroughs and Bazzier, by Francis Asbury. Lane & Scott: New York. 1849.*—This is a new and beautiful edition of an old and valuable book. He who conceived the idea of publishing it just at this time had the fortune to hit upon a good thought. We feel personally obliged to Dr. M'Clintock for it. Our readers probably all know what the book is. If not, let such as do not, and such as have it not, buy and read it. It will do them good. We pledge our word for it.

METHODISM IN WEST JERSEY. *By Rev. G. A. Raybold. Lane & Scott: New York. 1849.*—This little work we have not read; but those who have speak in high terms of it.

THE WESLEYAN MAGAZINE AND FAMILY MIRROR for January, edited by Lucius C. Matlack, New York, has been laid upon our table; and we welcome it with sincere pleasure. The editor is an old acquaintance—a Wesleyan—a man of sound talents, sound sense, and sound piety. His little work is an honor to him and to the people for whom he labors. His article on Mental Bondage is a good one; and that of Mr. Lee on Novel Reading is discriminative and well written. Long life to the Wesleyan Magazine!

CATALOGUE OF PENNINGTON MALE SEMINARY again makes its appearance, showing that so long as STEPHEN M. VAIL continued at the head of the institution, it was bound to flourish; but he was supported by a good corps of assistants, trustees, and teachers, worthy to be associated with him.

CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF THE OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY. 1847-8.—This is another institution, whose board of instruction alone, without much extraneous help, would give popularity to any college. Its President, Rev. Dr. Thomson, is too well and favorably known to need any of our commendation; his colleagues are, without exception, men of superior talents; the Board of Trustees embraces a large representation of the best mind in the state of Ohio; and the patrons of the University are among the best judges of true merit in a literary institution. The total number of students for the year is one hundred and ninety-four.

CATALOGUE OF THE FORT WAYNE FEMALE COLLEGE FOR 1848.—This young institution, whose corner-stone was laid only two years ago, stands by the side of the best in the western country. It now numbers about a hundred and twenty pupils; its board of instruction is most excellent; its course of study is ample, embracing nearly every thing useful to young ladies; and its Trustees are men who understand their business, and intend to do it. The following is its Board of Teachers: Rev. G. H. Round, A. M., President, and Professor of Moral and Intellectual Science; Alexander C. Huestis, A. M., Professor of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and General Literature; Mrs. Mary E. Fowler, teacher of Music; Mrs. Maria Hubbell, teacher in Primary Department. Success to them!

THE OLD STONE HOUSE; or, the Patriot's Fireside. *By Joseph Alder, D. D. New York: M. W. Dodd. Sold by George L. Weed, Cincinnati. 1848.*—The object of this little book is to inspire youthful readers with a love of country, and to give them an idea of the formation and character of our country's Constitution. This object it very interestingly accomplishes through a series of well-told stories.

LECTURE ON THE NORTH AND SOUTH. *Delivered in College Hall, January 16, 1849, before the Young Men's Mercantile Library Association of Cincinnati, by Ellwood Fisher.*—This is a pamphlet of forty-six pages small octavo. It is a statistical eulogy on the south, including slavery and the slave-civilization. It must have cost its author a great amount of research among tables, reports, and all other sources of facts and figures in relation to northern and southern matters. The position of the writer, that the slave principle in civilization has the advantage of the free, which he endeavors to sustain by an elaborate appeal to facts, is, at least, novel, and daring; but, with all deference to his confessed ability as a gatherer of statistics, we are bound to say, that we regard his facts as frequently very questionable, and his arguments nearly always mere sophisms. The Lecture, however, we commend to all as worthy of general perusal, on account of its mass of curious and important information. It has already been quoted by southern men in Congress; and it is likely to exert a greater influence on the slavery question than any production of the winter, in any part of the Union, excepting Mr. Clay's recent letter on emancipation in Kentucky.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS, on the Sources and Benefits of Professional Earnestness. *Delivered March 3, 1849, to the Graduates of the Medical College of Ohio. By John P. Harrison, M. D., Dean of the Faculty. 1849.*—This is a fine address. We have read every part of it with pleasure, excepting its seventh page. That contains a vulgar tirade against other schools which mars the uniform beauty of the production, and is unworthy of the fame of its author. To justify this criticism we quote a few lines, which, for low vituperation, is hardly to be paralleled out of the most indecent of political newspapers:

“Let us with earnestness, as a profession, oppose these abominable imitations of true science; these spurious, ill-concocted, misshapen, abortive schemes of practice, which, conceived in ignorance or wrong-headedness, brought forth in impudence or strong-headedness, dry-fed by vanity, or light-headedness, and distended by the fumes of a fitful, popular breath, are strutting and vaporizing in professional apishness, as if truth smiled on their impostures, and science claimed their trickeries and shallow devices, tattered and made stale in the service of quackery.”

Such opposition has done more to elevate what the Dean here calls “quackery,” than every thing else in the world. A high-minded, dignified, let-alone course, is the way of honor and success, in every profession and relation of the present life. With this exception, the Address is very good.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN has been sent us by Hon. Ira Mayhew, the enlightened and indefatigable Superintendent, whose labors are highly appreciated and universally applauded by the people of his adopted state. He is one of the most vigorous public officers in the country.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE merry month of May has come; the season of bright skies, sweet flowers, and soft winds is here; and it is befitting both reader and writer to go out, on these delightful mornings and evenings, after the long restraints of cold winter, and inhale with thankfulness the balmy breath of Spring.

We have never published any eulogies of the Repository, those on the cover being put there by the printer under the responsibility of the Publishers; and hence we cut off from a flattering notice, taken from a recent number of Zion's Herald, all that which relates directly or indirectly to ourself, but give our readers the concluding paragraph, which contains a singular criticism upon our printer:

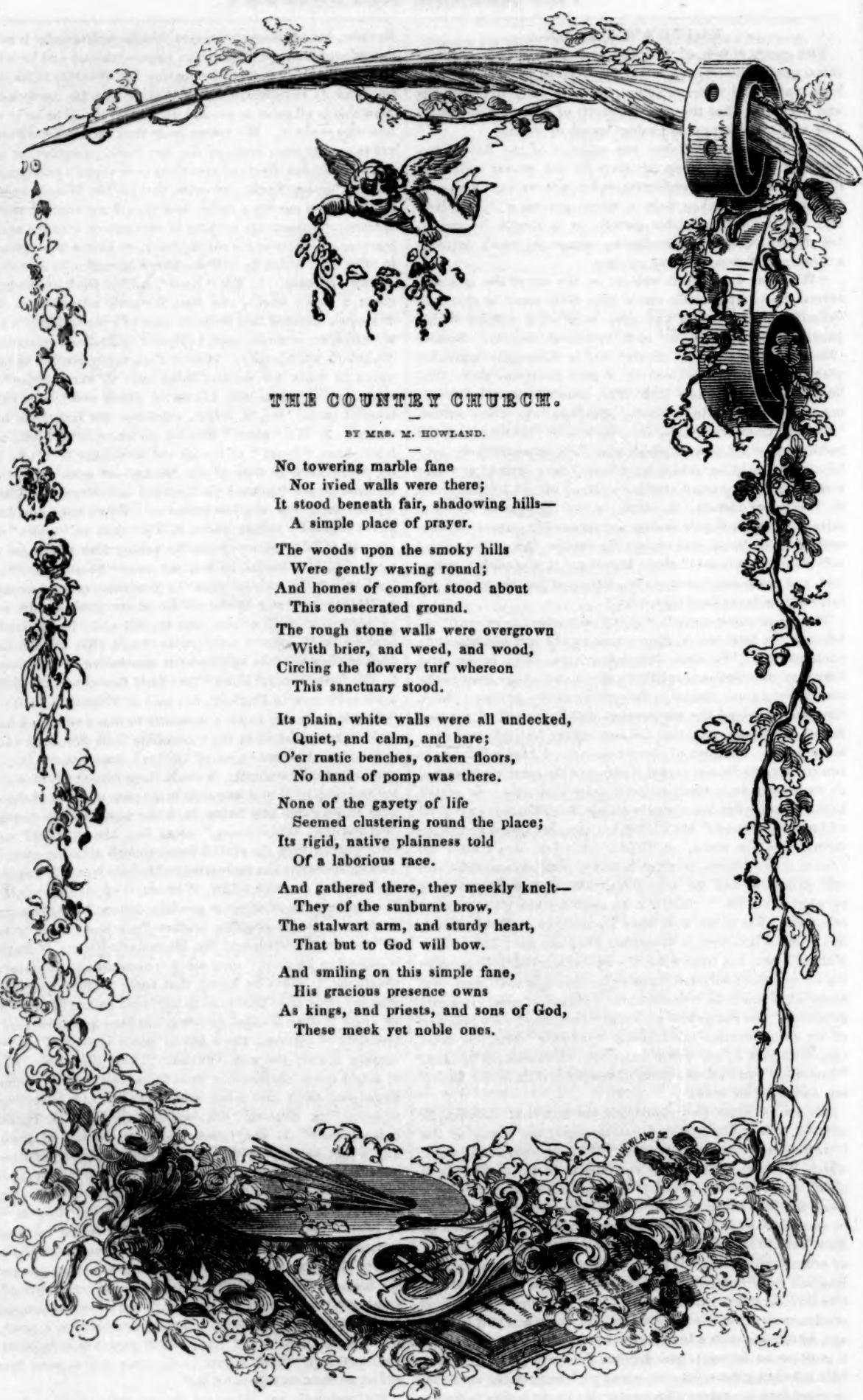
"We must drop a soft whisper on the ear of the printer—several awkward-looking errata take their stand in obstinate defiance of good sense and good taste on a number of his pages—pages too fair for such vexatious defects. Brother 'Jonathan's' Letter, he assures us, is thoroughly sprinkled with them. Instead of making Walter Scott say that 'Dianabolus, in John Bunyan's Holy War, closed up the windows of my *hard* understanding's house,' Jonathan says it was written 'my *Lord* Understanding's,' &c.; instead of 'but an occasional intimation of the powers which *were* thus comparatively lost,' he says it should be 'would have been,' &c.; instead of 'does a service,' 'does a good service;' instead of 'no interior scene in Teniers or Ostade,' it should be 'of Teniers or Ostade;' instead of 'immediately incline you forward in immediate consent,' &c., it should read 'inevitably incline,' &c. The printer will please bear in mind that 'Jonathan' is a sensitive youngster, and much terrified lately at charges of tautology, and the last erratum looks hard that way."

We are sincerely sorry that that "youngster" is so sensitive, because the little war he here wages reacts very unfortunately upon himself. We must state a few facts. This is the third time that our excellent contributor has corrected the gross errata committed by our printer in the setting of his articles. Each time we examined the manuscript; and the result, on the two former occasions, was, that the compositor had followed copy to the letter. But, out of our "unmeasured kindness" to our contributor, we did not reveal this fact to the printer, preferring, as we usually do in small matters, to let it all pass. In regard to this present criticism the case stands thus: There is an "out" of the word "good;" but it does not mar, but rather mends, or strengthens, the sense. A recent critic lays down the rule: "As a general thing, if, after finishing your composition, you will strike out half the adjectives, you will improve the *force* of what you write." Still, it is an erratum; and it is the printer's fault. But in the word *hard* the mistake is almost venial; for, in the manuscript, it is neither *Lord* nor *hard*, but *lard*, as plain as letters can write a word. Respecting the three remaining errors, which our contributor so unmercifully castigates, pronouncing them to be "in obstinate defiance of *good sense* and *good taste*," and chargeable with that "*tautology*" for which one of his cotemporaries has recently "terrified" him, we must say, in defense of our wounded printer, that *every one of them*, "*tautology*" and all, *is exactly according to copy*, letter for letter, and word for word.

We are not quite so fortunate, in the matter of criticism, in relation to our distinguished cotemporary, the editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal. We have committed a sin, which, it seems, must not go unpunished at his hands. In a highly commendatory notice of the Methodist Quarterly, not a word of which eulogy we have a desire to retract, we ventured to suggest, that it is a little old-fashioned for our brethren in New York to persevere in following an almost obsolete system of orthography, that of Walker, when not only this country but England itself is rapidly adopting the standard doctrine of our own lexicographer, Dr. Webster. There was some temerity, we confess, unless our friends may be kind enough to call it courage, in sending such a hint, however modestly expressed, from a position so far west; and brother Peck answers it in a way fully indicating the spirit with which such suggestions are to be received from so outlandish a quarter; that is, he replies to it with a sneer: "In his 'Literary Notices' brother Tefft bestows high but just praise on the last number of the Methodist Quarterly

Review, but expresses his regret that its orthography is not according to the latest Websterian improvements; and he informs us that 'England is rapidly adopting Dr. Webster as its standard, and as rapidly discarding Walker and his predecessors.' Now this is all news to us, and we suspect it will be so to every one who reads it. We rather guess that our brother editor has yet to see, or even hear, of the first book, pamphlet, or newspaper, printed in England according to Webster's orthography." So says brother Peck; and now, though Mr. Wesley says it is impossible to answer a sneer, and though we confess that our literary professions are nothing in comparison with the superior learning and taste of our cotemporary, we have a few "guesses" to offer him, which he will doubtless recognize as essential to our own defense. 1. We "guess" brother Peck knows how to quote a man's words, and then instantly misrepresent them. We never affirmed that we have seen or even heard of a book, or pamphlet, or newspaper, published in England according to Webster's orthography. Was it then noble-minded in him in trying to make his readers think so? 2. We "guess" that what we did say is well known to nearly every body but our learned critic. He, it seems, confesses his ignorance in the matter. 3. We "guess" that we do know of a work, or, at least, have "heard" of it—for our *knowledge* of books bears no comparison to that of our brother—of more than twelve hundred pages "printed in England according to Webster's orthography." It now lies before us. When our learned critic has "guessed" awhile about it, if he fails to "guess" right, we will relieve his perplexity by telling him the name of a work, which, it seems, he has not even "heard" of. Such a book is certainly bigger than "a pamphlet or a newspaper." 4. We "guess" that Webster's Dictionary itself, a work nearly as large as a small primer, was republished "in England according to Webster's orthography," and that almost immediately after the last edition of it was issued in this country. 5. We furthermore "guess" that Lord Brougham, the first literary spirit now in England, has said of Webster's Dictionary, "that it has come to be a *necessity* to every educated man;" and we know not what the "necessit." for this book can be, unless these educated men of England intend to use it. As a work of literary curiosity, it might be a matter of some value; but to speak of it as a *necessity* looks very much as if the good folks in England had begun to make some serious use of its contents. 6. We "guess," also, that the standard works, daily issuing from the British press, though differing essentially among themselves in their orthography, are "rapidly adopting" the standard doctrine of Dr. Webster, "of spelling words with the smallest use of silent or needless letters." It is a wonder, in this longitude, whether brother Peck has "seen or heard of" the English edition of Mr. Macaulay's History of England, "printed in England" *very much* "according to Webster's orthography." Does he know, that some English houses have rejected the *k* after *hard c*, as in all words ending in *ick*? Does he know that an English reviewer not long ago advocated the propriety of dropping the *u* out of words ending in *our*, "excepting always the word 'Saviour,'" says the writer, "which it might seem sacrilegious now to meddle with?" Does he know that these and many more changes now advocated or adopted "in England" are exactly "according to Webster's orthography?" 7. We "guess"—for we are fond of guessing, and might proceed in this amusement much farther than we have space for it—that our excellent brother might have so written his opinion of our gentle suggestion as to have avoided the necessity of all these guesses. Had he said that *he* "had to hear of the first book," &c., or had he stated his want of acquaintance with the facts in the case in any *general* terms, we should have said of it, as we said the other day on reading his opinion about our putting too much poetry in one of our numbers—"So brother Peck thinks;" but when these opinions degenerate into *personality*, and that *personality* is a *sneer*, we say with the same broad smile which generally enlightens our physiognomy, "Have a care to thy glass house, good brother editor, or thou mayest catch it."

But, seriously, we deprecate the necessity of all such work, and hope we shall not be crowded into it by the improprieties of our friends, however vulnerable those improprieties may be.



THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

BY MRS. M. HOWLAND.

No towering marble fane
Nor ivied walls were there;
It stood beneath fair, shadowing hills—
A simple place of prayer.

The woods upon the smoky hills
Were gently waving round;
And homes of comfort stood about
This consecrated ground.

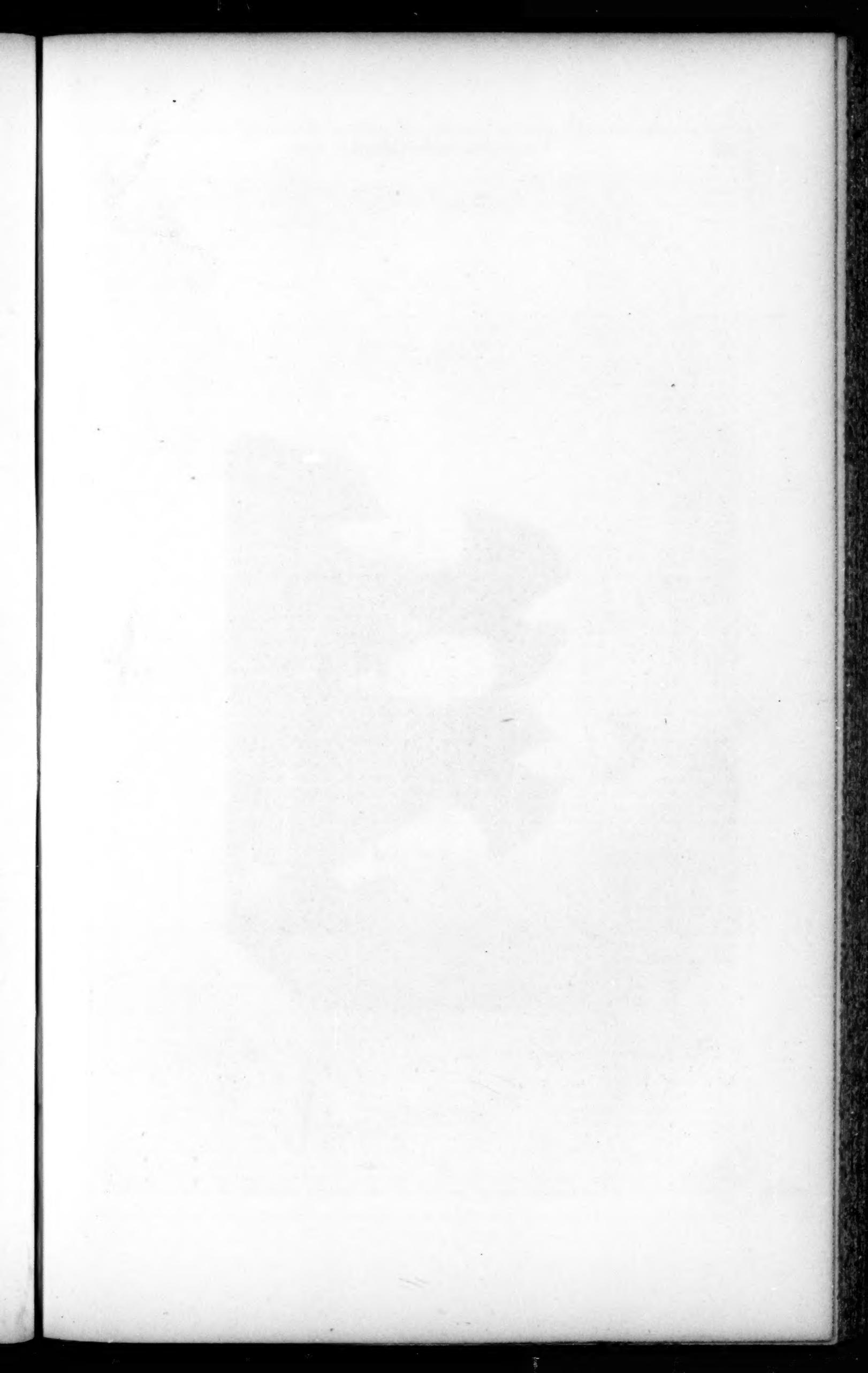
The rough stone walls were overgrown
With brier, and weed, and wood,
Circling the flowery turf whereon
This sanctuary stood.

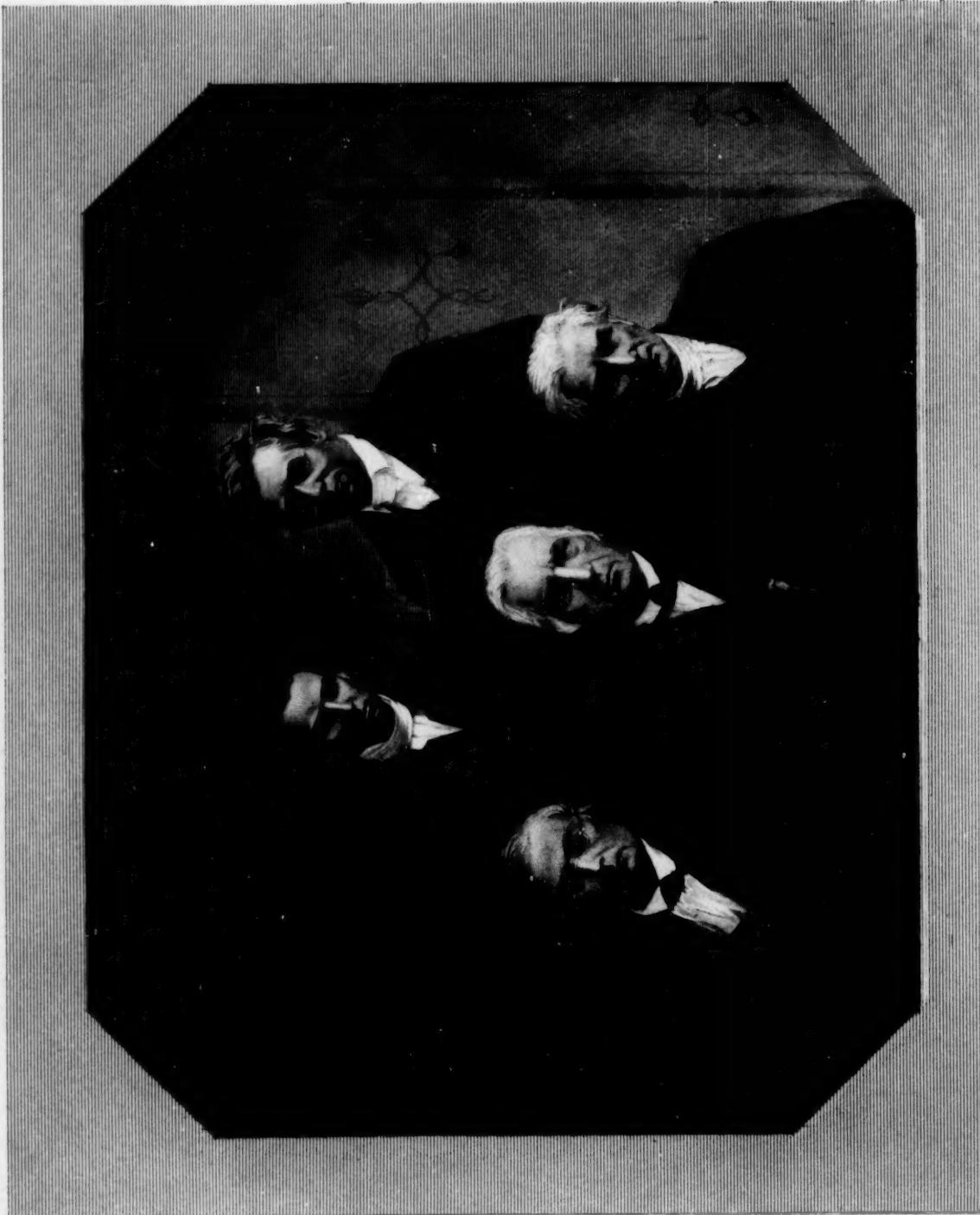
Its plain, white walls were all undecorated,
Quiet, and calm, and bare;
O'er rustic benches, oaken floors,
No hand of pomp was there.

None of the gayety of life
Seemed clustering round the place;
Its rigid, native plainness told
Of a laborious race.

And gathered there, they meekly knelt—
They of the sunburnt brow,
The stalwart arm, and sturdy heart,
That but to God will bow.

And smiling on this simple fane,
His gracious presence owns
As kings, and priests, and sons of God,
These meek yet noble ones.





Brown & Biggs by C. A. Knott & W. Anderson, Cincinnati.

Daguerreotype and Print by George C. Knott, Cincinnati.

Bishops of the M. E. Church 1870.

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